CORONET

JULY 35c

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A SIMPLE SCIENTIFIC DIET TO STOP TOOTH DECAY

"HUCKSTERING GOD IS DANGEROUS!"

by the Very Rev. James A. Pike

Here's why your family should be among the millions who use

ONLY GLEEM – *the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

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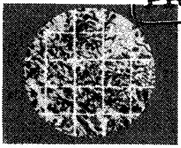

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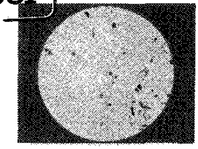

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

When your family's out having fun like this—can they always brush after meals? Then remember this—starting the day with Gleem gives added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day* for most people. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 destroys most bacteria with just *one* brushing. Youngsters love Gleem's flavor so much it's easy to get them to brush regularly. So if your family can't always brush after meals, even though it's best, use Gleem.

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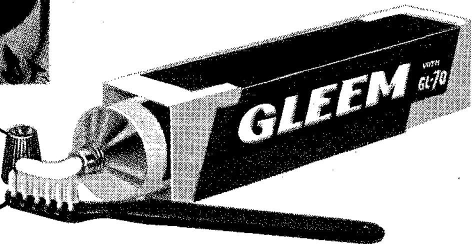

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...Relax-A-cizor The New Way to Reduce at Home...

BY LOIS CRISTY

Now there is a way to reduce without diet or weight loss. It's Relax-A-cizor...a new method of trimming away inches from hips, waist, abdomen...while you rest at home.

It often reduces hips an inch or two the first week or so. It can be used on most parts of the body. And...it is used without effort, while you rest...at home.

Relax-A-cizor is the method you read about in the October issue of Coronet under the title of "It Buzzes Away the Bulges." Other magazines like Vogue, Mademoiselle, Harper's Bazaar, and Glamour have recommended it to their readers.

Tiny Device "Speeds Up" Reducing

This small machine causes "beautifying, reducing exercise" without making the user tired. No effort is required; she simply places small circular pads or "Beauty Belts" over bulges of her hips, waist, abdomen...and other parts of her body, turns a dial...and she's exercising away excess inches while she rests ...*at home.*

When used during a diet regimen, the tightening effect of this effortless exercise also helps eliminate the loose sagginess often caused by weight loss.

New kind of "Facial"

A "Facial" attachment gives tightening, lifting exercise to the muscles under the eyes and chin. Chest *muscles* beneath the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing, massage-like exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

Relax-A-cizor looks much like a small make-up case. Measures 11″ x 9″ x 6″; weighs about 9 pounds.

This new method requires only 30 minutes daily use...even less after the first month. It is used while the user rests, reads, watches T.V....or even during sleep.

It is completely safe. Because there is no effort the user gets the full benefit of active exercise—but without any feeling of tiredness. The results are as beneficial as the usually prescribed "reducing exercises."

Clinically Tested by Physicians

Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Used at Home

The tiny device is sold for home use. This relieves the user from the cost and time usually spent in salons. Demonstrations are given, at no cost, in the company's salons or, by appointment, in the home. Expertly trained consultants are available for both men and women.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

Relax-A-cizor gives no-effort beautifying exercise to trim away excess inches from hips, waist, thighs...while the user rests at home.

COSMOPOLITAN

Users Report Results

Users' reports are enthusiastic. Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, recently wrote the manufacturers: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California, wrote: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46″ to 37½″, waistline from 33″ to 26″." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

The machine is used for only 30 minutes per day. However, as a "test case" Mrs. E. D. Serdahl used the machine for 8 hours a day for 9 days. She did not become tired...and reports the following reductions: Waist 2″, Hips 3″, Upper Abdomen 1″, Upper Thigh 2″, Knee 1½″, Calf 1″. She says: "I felt no muscular or physical fatigue...In fact, the after-effects were all good."

National Magazines Praise

"Vogue" magazine wrote: "Wonderful new machine...whittles away excess inches while you relax." "Glamour" says: "Safe, passive exerciser. It removes inches." "Mademoiselle" praised it in a double-page editorial story.

"IT BUZZES AWAY THE BULGES"

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in October CORONET

Has Many Uses

Relax-A-cizor has uses for the entire family. Husbands use it to trim down their bulging waistlines...and, also to exercise back muscles that become weary and aching after a day of bending over a desk. High school sons use it to exercise sore throwing arms. Big sister finds it helpful for exercise of chest muscles. Grandfather uses it for soothing, massage-like exercise of back, feet and leg muscles.

I suggest that if you are really serious about having a more attractive figure that you mail the coupon or telephone one of the numbers listed below. There isn't any cost or obligation, of course.

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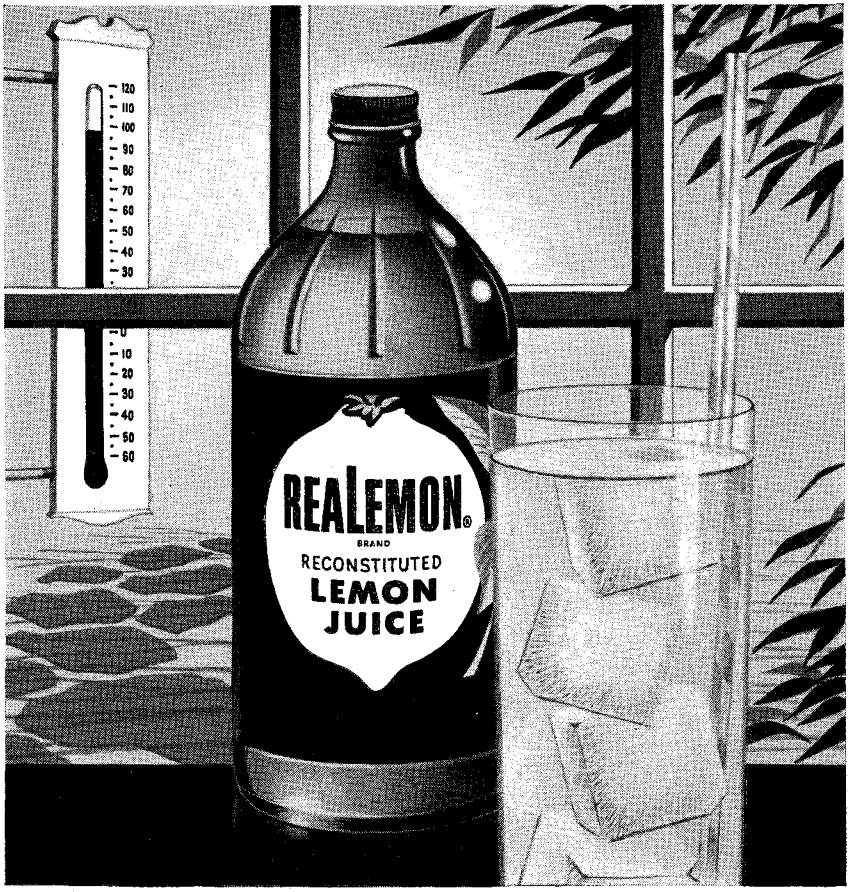
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Dear Reader:

Judging from this—and almost any other issue—if the butcher, the baker or the candlestick-maker has an intriguing story to tell, the chances are good you will read it in CORONET. For the activities of our writers are as varied as their subjects. A random list includes housewives, college professors, farmers, newspapermen, factory workers and salesmen. This month's CORONET features a provocative article (page 25) by a minister, the Very Reverend James A. Pike, Dean of New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A former lawyer, Dean Pike is the author of books on law, marriage and religion, as well as moderator of a weekly TV show. On page 44, Nan Baum—who reports on fashions for a New York newspaper, and is the wife of Allyn Baum of the CORONET picture staff—spices things up with a new slant on the reasoning behind women's changing modes of dress. A former foreign correspondent, she has covered stories ranging from riots in Paris to the wife shortage in the Sahara Desert. Our mother-of-the-month is Betty Friedan of Sneden's Landing, New York, who manages to outlast three children, ages 8, 4, and 1, and still have energy enough left to write such fascinating stories as the one on page 135. Not to be outdone in the energy department is Oren Arnold of Phoenix, Arizona, another member of our cross-country contingent this month. By making a point of writing some 1500 words a day, he has produced over 20 books and hundreds of magazine articles, including the gem on page 108.

Pike: Man of many facets.

Baum: Newsgirl on the go.

Arnold: Wizard with words.

The Editors

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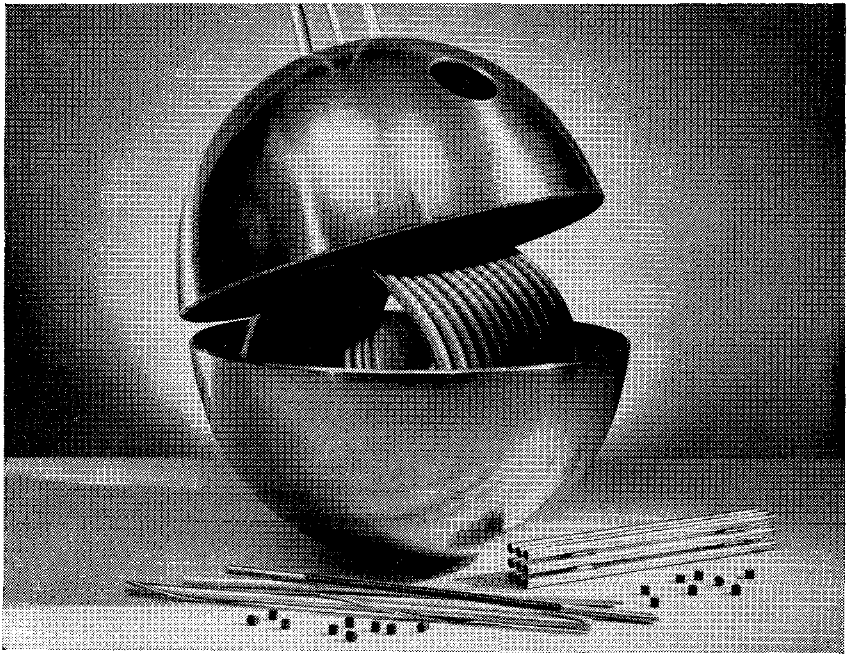

The sphere above is a "core" for one kind of research atomic reactor. The metal tubes are test containers for the small uranium fuel pellets for other reactors.

Strange new "tools" of atomic-electric power

These are some of the strange new "tools" used to produce, test, or experiment with atomic-electric power. They are among the things that will help bring electricity from the atom.

"Tools" like these are being used in developing several atomic-electric plants now under way. A number of electric light and power companies from many parts of the country are working with each other and with equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission to develop the plants.

America's independent electric light and power companies produce more electricity than any other nation, and they have helped develop ways to produce it more efficiently year after year. That's why you can expect electric companies to continue to do their part to advance the new science of producing electricity from the atom.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

**Company names on request through this magazine*

CORONET

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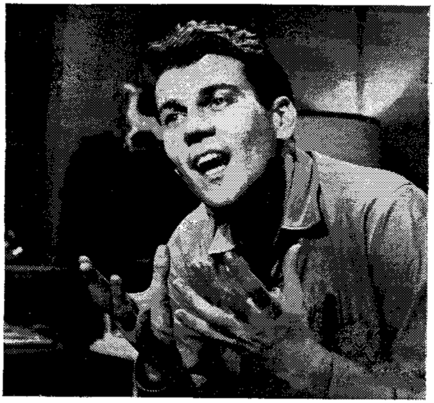
Don Murray: Versatile Idealist



THREE sharply different characterizations have proven Don Murray's versatility: as a raucous cowpoke in *Bus Stop,* a quiet bookkeeper in *The Bachelor Party,* and now as a helpless drug addict in *A Hatful of Rain* (*above*). He holds his own in this hard-hitting drama against such adroit actors as Eva Marie Saint, Anthony Franciosa and Lloyd Nolan.

Stardom came quickly to the 6′1½″, 180-pound, green-eyed Murray. Yet off-screen his conversation centers more around world affairs than the trade chitchat of Hollywood.

A conscientious objector during the Korean War, Murray put in two years of "alternative service" as a mason with the Church of the Brethren's refugee program in Germany and Italy. And as a result of his experiences he vowed to help Europe's homeless people if ever he achieved acting success.

Returning to America in 1955, he landed a prominent part in a Broadway revival of *The Skin of Our Teeth.* Soon thereafter, 20th Century-Fox tested him for *Bus Stop,* opposite Marilyn Monroe, and signed him to a contract.

Now Don and his wife, actress Hope Lange, tithe their salaries to maintain a camp for 1,500 Italian refugees near Naples. "By working the land, these people are creating jobs for themselves and others in the area," Don explains.

As for himself, combining humanitarian causes and acting has made him happy, says Murray.

Show business has claimed him since his birth in Hollywood, July 31, 1929. His father is a stage manager, his mother an ex-showgirl.

Don studied acting at the American Academy in New York, and made a quick step to Broadway in *The Rose Tattoo.* During its run he met Hope Lange on a double-date. She was with the *other* fellow. Don tried in vain to date her before going overseas. "I wrote her for a year from Germany without one reply," he recalls. "But I kept right on writing. Finally, in Italy, I got my first letter."

They were married in 1956 and their son, Christopher, was born last March.

Murray rarely smokes or drinks, and prefers milk to tea and coffee. He and his wife live simply, and their favorite hobby is listening to popular recordings. Murray's ambition: "to play *Jean Christophe.*"

(*Continued on page 10*)

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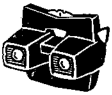

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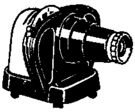

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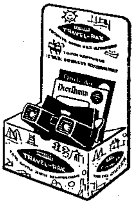

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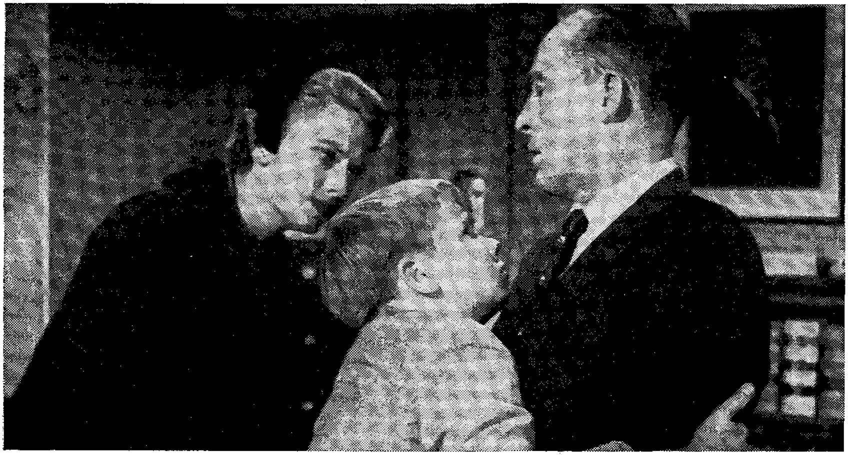

MAN ON FIRE. A divorced couple fight for the custody of their 11-year-old son (*above*) in this engrossing family drama. Its story is virtually out of newspaper headlines.

Bitterly refusing to yield his son to a wife who deserted him for another man, Earl Carleton plots to defy court orders and flee to Europe with the boy. In this emotional tug-of-war, the boy's confusion mounts.

Bing Crosby follows up his dramatic roles in *Little Boy Lost* and *The Country Girl* with an equally effective performance here as Carleton. Broadway actress Mary Fickett matches his intensity as the wife, and Inger Stevens, an attractive newcomer, lends charm as an interested-in-Crosby bystander.

THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL. America's queen of sex, Marilyn Monroe, and England's man of multiple talent, Sir Laurence Olivier, romp gingerly through a fragile tale. Inventively directed by Olivier, it is based on the Terence Rattigan play, *The Sleeping Prince.*

It's the over-familiar story of the Grand Duke and the commoner who fall in love. But the cliché dictates that a royal blueblood and a red-blooded American showgirl shouldn't mix. Hence, the inevitable bittersweet but hopeful ending that "someday, somehow . . ."

By sheer personality, the two stars, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, give it spice. —MARK NICHOLS

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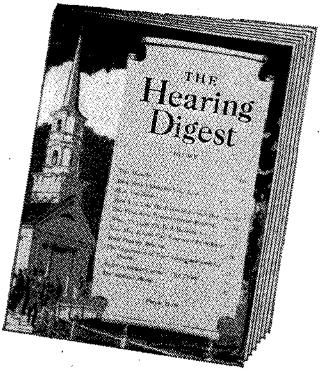

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ALL ABOUT YOU

Beating the blues; jobs that pay—emotionally; why men and women react differently

BASIC BEATS: When you've got the blues, jazz can perk you up faster than any other type of music. But you don't need a musical ear to make your body respond to the bursts of sound and changing rhythms characteristic of jazz. Because, as psychosomaticist Luther Cloud points out, the jazzy accents apparently jar the cortex of the brain, alerting the listener. Psychiatrist Maurice Green believes the keynote is the affinity between these jazz rhythms and the natural beat of the body in motion. This tempo becomes a tonic as it stimulates breathing and blood circulation by suggesting action and movement.

WHY STAY PUT? If your need for recognition is satisfied on your job, you are more likely to stick with it, according to a recent survey of 2,500 skilled workers by Ian C. Ross and Alvin Zander of the University of Michigan's Institute for Social Research. They set out to determine what, besides waiting for a pay check at the end of the week, keeps people whistling while they work. Recognition of merit, they report, pays the highest dividend in personal job satisfaction. The other chief factors made apparent by the survey are the need to feel responsible, with the power to make decisions; to feel that your performance and the quality of your work is being judged by fair standards; and to feel that you belong with your group.

ANNIVERSARY ILLNESS: Junior's age can mysteriously trigger a burst of mental illness in his mother, suddenly shooting painful fragments from her past right into her present. That's the conclusion of Dr. Josephine R. Milgard and Martha F. Newman of Stanford University, who account for it thus: a mother naturally identifies herself with

(Continued on page 16)

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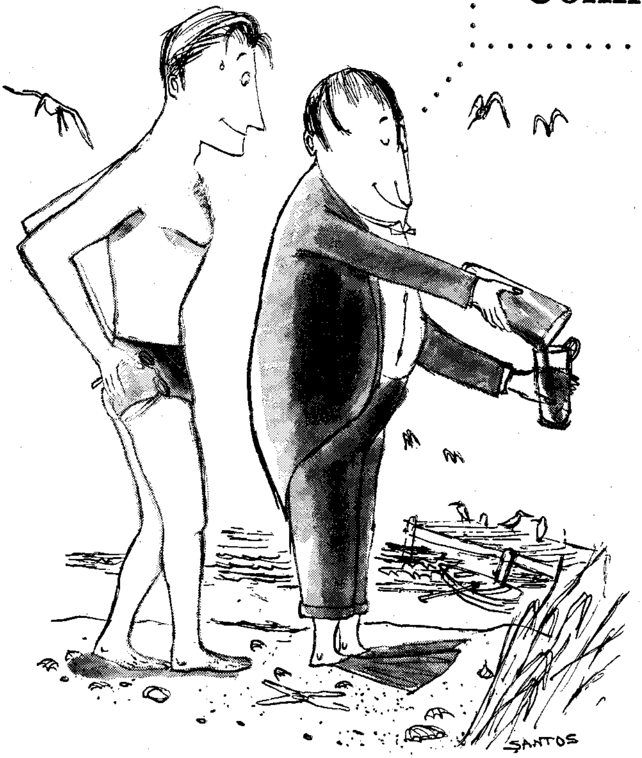

Rare treat, with built-in air-conditioning, a Collins made with **myers rum!** The color is bright—rich, burnished amber. The *flavor* is right—neither soprano nor basso—but a ripe, golden note of pleasing perfection. For a satisfying round of enjoyment serve delightfully *flavorful* **myers jamaica rum.**

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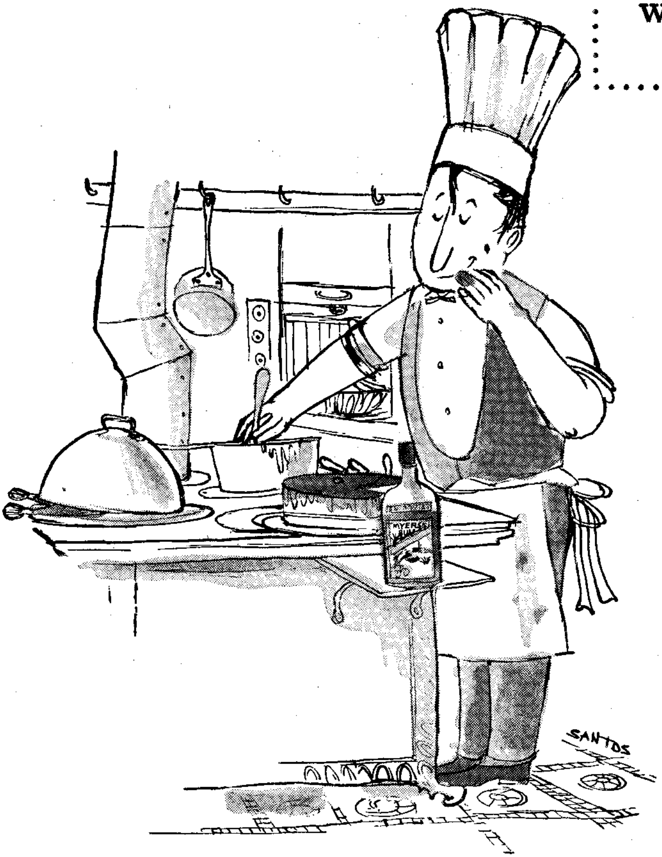
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SANTOS

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IMPORTED
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch

(Continued from page 12)

her children. When her offspring reaches an age that is charged with emotional significance to the mother, she may have a delayed reaction to a trauma which occurred when she was the same age as her child. She re-experiences the disturbing event which, until now, has been tightly bottled up within her. One typical case, reported to the American Psychoanalytical Association, told of a woman who, when her daughter became six years old, grew so ill she had to be hospitalized. Mental probing revealed the woman's father had died when she was six, and she was reliving that tragedy. Women, it seems, are more susceptible to these strange "anniversary reactions" than men.

BRAIN WAVES: What sparks differences in behavior between the sexes? A current theory, generated by Dr. Richard Barthol, University of California psychologist, connects the answer to electrical disturbances set up in our brains when we see and feel things. These, he says, may react differently in men and women, due to possible structural dissimilarities in their brains. Continued research along this circuit may eventually bring to light why latter-day Adams respond like live wires to erotic visual stimuli, while the majority of Eves apparently remain indifferent.

FANCY-FULL: A city youngster is more apt to have his head in the clouds than his country cousin, who is naturally closer to earth, according to a study of 256 children from urban and rural areas by three Iowa State College sociologists. What is the explanation for this? Well, while the farm child has his mind occupied and his hands full feeding chickens and doing other similar chores, the urban youngster usually has more time to daydream or play with children his own age who act as his partners in games of make-believe. Often these daydreaming excursions are the city child's way of avoiding real-life situations. The farm child, however, being more exposed to reality, seems better able to take them in his stride.

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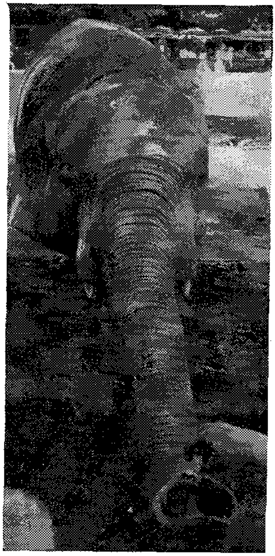
Hungry Noses

Living in a boarding house would pose no problem for a giraffe, elephant, or mustang. They were the critters, it would seem, who really anticipated, developed and refined the idea of reach. In the animal kingdom, stretch is one of the recipes to a contented belly of soft, tender shoots, fat peanuts, and crunchy grains of oats.

A large bag of oats for a little bay of a pony.



Cyrano would've been jealous of Jumbo's proboscis.

Mr. Giraffe has no peer in the entire animal kingdom when it comes to getting up in the world.

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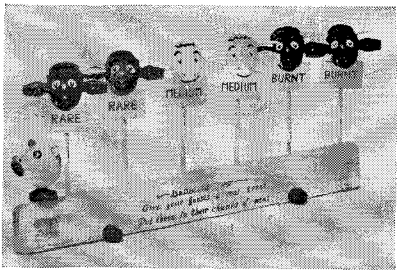
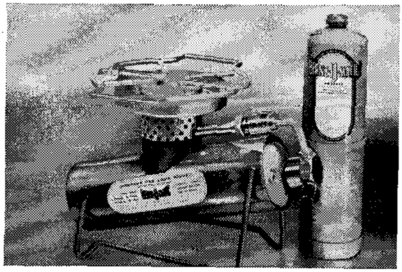
Edited by FLORENCE SEMON

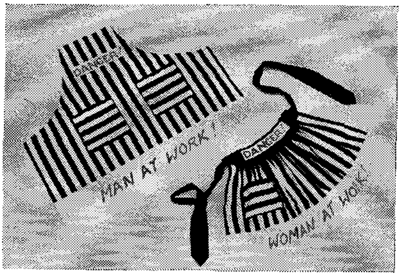
Products



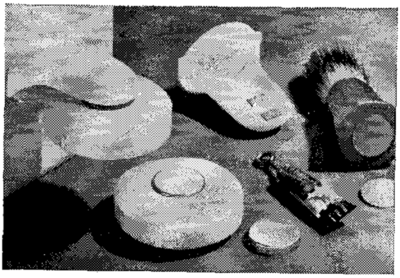
ELIMINATE SERVING ERRORS and delight your guests with these barbecue meat markers reading: Rare, Medium and Burnt. Six gaily colored steer heads are mounted on hardwood spikes and come complete with holder for only $1.98 pp. Leisure Trading Post, 24-C Highland Cross, Rutherford, N. J.



PORTABLE PROPANE GAS STOVE is ideal for picnics, barbecues, hunting trips, etc. Lights like kitchen range; odorless and smokeless. One burner stove weighs only 5¾ lbs. Complete with one cylinder of fuel. $11.95 pp. Otto Bernz Co., Inc., Dept. C., Driving Park and Ramona, Rochester 13, N. Y.



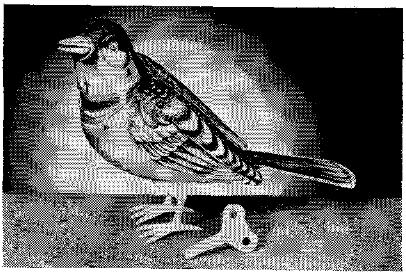
CLEVER APRONS for men and women chefs who will brook no interference with their work. Practical "his" and "hers" outfits. Made of sturdy black and white striped denim. Wording in bright "warning" red. Both aprons have pockets. $3.95 ea., pp. Penthouse Gallery, 15 W. 55th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



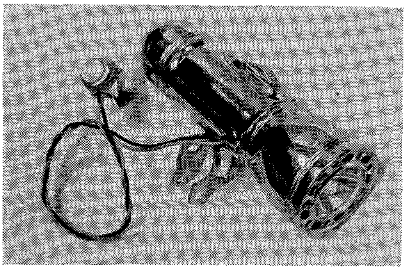
MAGNETIC SOAP SAVER does away with messy soap dishes. Simply press the metal cup into a bar of your favorite soap and it will be held securely to magnetic arm cemented to back of sink or wall tile. Can be used for shaving-brush holder. $1.00 pp. Loro, Dept. C., 110-47 64th Road, Forest Hills 75, N.Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

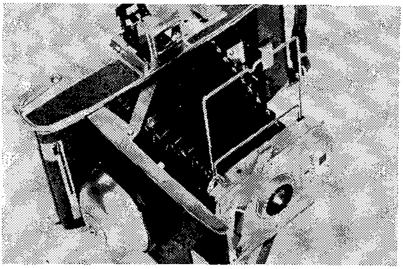
on Parade



CHILDREN AND ADULTS will marvel at this ingenious musical bird. Just wind him up and listen to him warble and trill while he moves his head, beak, wings and tail in time to the music. Rainbow-colored durable metal; 7″ long. $3.95 pp. Gina & Selma, Dept. C., 1048 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.



COMBINATION BICYCLE horn and light operates on single standard flashlight battery. Easily attached to any bike, it provides light and warning for the cycling child. Made of gleaming chrome finish. $1.98 pp. (Does not include battery.) Mastercraft Co., Dept. C., 212 Summer St., Boston 10, Mass.

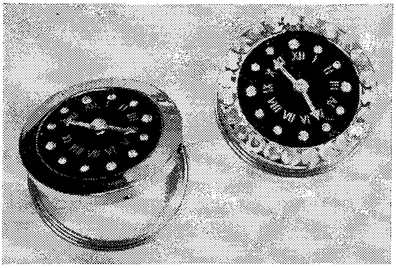


TECH TIMER does away with developing mistakes on Polaroid Cameras. Attaches to camera; bell rings when picture is ready to be removed. Makes for better pictures and fewer retakes. Choice of gray or brown. Specify camera model. $4.95 pp. Stenmark Co., P.O. Box 160, Times Square Sta., N.Y.

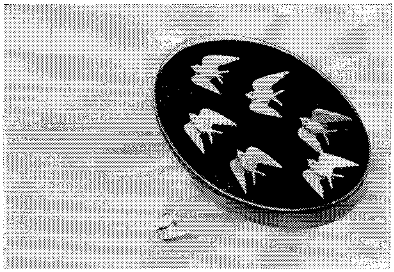
HOBO STICK is really a summer carryall. Bright red cotton kerchief has white plastic liner for carrying wet bathing clothes. An interesting looking accessory for summer casual wear. Bamboo stick measures 42″ long. $2.40 pp. Lewis & Conger Co., Dept. CO., Miracle Mile, Manhasset, New York.

(Continued on page 22)

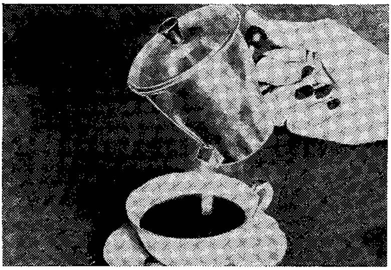
Products on Parade



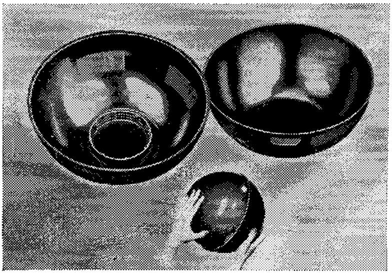
GLAMOROUS-LOOKING PILLBOXES that tell you when to take those necessary pills. Just set movable hands at desired hour. Gold-plated metal with white enamel inside. $1\frac{3}{4}''$ in diameter. $2.00 pp. Pillbox with borealis stones, $3.00 pp. Boutique Specialties, Dept. C., 27 W. 38th St., New York 18, N. Y.



DECORATE a blouse, sweater or scarf with these colorful clip-on bird pins. Made of metal and sprinkled with glitter, they measure 1″ x ⅞″. Also worn as hair ornament. Assortment of seven in box in pink, white, green, blue and lemon. $1.00 pp. Rajah Enterprises, Dept. R, Palisade, N. J.



AUTOMATIC SERVER allows you to sweeten tea or coffee without spilling sugar. Press button and one level teaspoonful is dispensed at a time. Imported from Holland; attractively made of polished aluminum. $3.95 pp. Golden Coast Co., Dept. CM., 4219 Lankershim Blvd., N. Hollywood, Cal.



SUMMER SALADS are expertly tossed with "Sala-Tossa." Consists of two 10″ polyethylene bowls which fit together to form one leak-proof container. Can also be used as separate serving dishes. Choice of white, green or black. $2.95 pp. Herman Ely, Jr., Dept. C., P.O. Box 62, Lancaster, Pa.

For additional mail order products and services see the enlarged Coronet Family Shopper, beginning on page 160.

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—with Tampax!

Oh, we're not suggesting Tampax can do anything about the heat! But when it's time-of-the-month for you, you'll be mighty glad you're wearing Tampax® internal sanitary protection, the *coolest* protection ever!

What a wonderful sense of freedom you'll enjoy when you use Tampax. Not to be bothered with pins, belts or pads. Never to worry about telltale bulges. Never to know the discomforts of chafing or irritation!

Tampax is invisible and unfelt when it's in place. Because it's worn internally, odor can't form. It's the *daintiest* ever to insert, to dispose of.

Tampax lets you do what you like, whenever you like—go swimming, riding, sightseeing—*you* name it. So make the *most* of your summer! Use Tampax. 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior), wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Photograph by Harold Halma

Troubled Lady... There's a tear on her pretty cheek but it will soon be gone. For troubles are forgotten quickly when one is very young.... Many a grown-up trouble also has a way of disappearing when there are friendly voices to help and reassure.... Just reaching for the telephone and talking to someone can bring sunshine into a dark or worried day.... For whatever the need or the hour, you are never alone with a telephone.... **BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

CORONET JULY, 1957

"Huckstering God is Dangerous!"

by THE VERY REV. JAMES A. PIKE,
Dean of the Cathedral of
St. John the Divine, New York

AT A LARGE MIDWESTERN CHURCH just opened, two wide escalators sweep the congregation from the parking lot up into their pews. And at the touch of a button—once the last "amen" is sounded—the direction is reversed and they are ready to whisk the people out.

I asked the Westerner sitting next to me in the airplane to tell me about his minister. "He's one of the top men in the business," he answered me, "a real go-getter."

A book recently off the press tells you how to reduce. It is not by an M.D. but by a D.D.—and thousands of our fellow Americans are now learning through his explicit formulae how to "use" religion to "pray . . . weight away."

These few straws in the wind are symptoms of the "religious boom" we are experiencing in this country; they are also symptoms of its dangers. And, while the church has never been in better shape, as the world judges success, some of us are beginning to have serious misgivings.

First, let us consider the fact of the religious resurgence. In 1870, 18 per cent of the population belonged to organized religious bodies. Now 61 per cent do. In the last 15 years, the percentage of increase in church membership has doubled over the previous 15 years. More and more people are actually *going* to church and participating in the manifold activities centered in parish houses. There is a bumper crop of religious books now selling, more and more people hear and view religious radio and TV programs, and more and more space in the papers is devoted to "church news."

Everywhere we are seeing the church adopt what hitherto were regarded as "secular" forms of promotion; and more and more church buildings are reflecting the material progress of their time. We hire public relations directors, we use press releases. Our fund drives are conducted under professional direction.

Now I am all for this trend. I certainly don't want us to go back to the half-empty churches that were the fairly general pattern a decade and a half ago. I am all for the development of promotion and public relations; here at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine we have the good fortune of having one of the best "P.R." men in the business. I issue memoranda in quintuplicate just like any business executive. I am glad that more and more people read religious books—I like them to read mine. And far be it from me to regret the increasing income the church has for its work.

Indeed, it is my personal conviction that the church should use the most effective instrumentalities for its work. The church has a spiritual task, but it is set in the world. Jesus, in His great high-priestly prayer uttered the night before He died, made clear that He wanted us in the world, that He did not want to take us out of it. For this Jesus Himself is our chief example: in Him God entered the conditions of earthly life. The Incarnation itself is the grounding for the spiritual-material nature of the church.

But true as all this is, I have serious misgivings—and for two reasons.

First, we are not seeing results commensurate with the growth and activism of the religious enterprise. The divorce rate continues to be disturbingly high. Juvenile delinquency is on the increase (in spite of the rapid expansion of church "youth activities" and the increasing habit of providing professional personnel to lead them). Mental and nervous breakdown appear to be on the increase; aberrations such as homosexuality, dope addiction and alcoholism are more evident. There seems to be no surcease in corruption—in high places and low.

Our church membership is now so strong that if it were committed to the professed aims of the organization as fully as, say, business executives to the aims of a corporation, many of the evils of our common life could be wiped out, or at least checked, overnight. Against the evils of society the church could be "terrible as an army with banners." *But it is not.*

The church is generally a convenient, undisturbing influence in the community, reflecting the community's mores, and often buttressing them—by inaction, if not by approval.

When a large-scale evangelistic campaign is going on in a city, the whole thing has the trappings of a mass movement: thousands of people milling around, thousands singing heart-warming hymns, hundreds responding to the "altar-call" and affirming changed lives. Our American outlook is such that we assume that because it's big it must be good. But when the big production is over and the tent has been folded away, we may well wonder whether the abiding results in the individual lives are proportionate to the vastness of the operation. And one may wonder about tangible results in the community, especially when in the preaching there has been little or no challenge to social responsibility.

A while back, at a large dinner meeting in furtherance of a huge evangelistic drive, a civic leader from a distant city testified that because of a great preaching mission in his city his whole life was changed. His sincerity is not in question, but if there had been a discussion period, a good question would have been, "What have you since done about the almost totally segregated population pattern in your city?"

The query would not have been an unfair one, because the man's religious denomination had officially declared itself as to the ethics of the matter. Maybe his answer would have been reassuring; maybe not.

A second thing that worries me about the "hustle and bustle" of the church today is what it is doing to the clergy and lay leadership. The clergy these days are so involved in the pressure of "works" they have little time for development of inner peace and the nourishment of personal integration. Their machinery has become too much for them. The words of the Psalmist apply: "For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."

Laymen these days expect their minister to be a hydra-headed figure—holding all portfolios (manager, public relations director, educator, personnel director, public speaker, psychoanalyst, social lion, and a Mr. Fix-it)—and expect him to be eminently successful in all spheres. *He really tries to do it—and can't.* A business organization would employ half a dozen or more people to perform these various functions.

The minister is not given time to be—nor in some quarters is he expected to be—a man of God, a scholar, a saint—in other words, a minister. Our highest praise these days for one of the cloth is not that he is a holy man, but that he is "efficient."

And we have gone worldly in the way we estimate the success of the church. We talk eagerly of statistics, modern conveniences, debts paid off, development funds—but rarely do we hear comment about growth in things of the spirit, the work of the parish as a redemptive fellowship.

What is true of the clergy is true of lay leadership. Many of our lay leaders have gone "professional" in their attitude toward the activities of the church. Their chief interest is that it be a "going concern." Even during a service they are all too "objective," thinking not of the judgment and grace that can be brought into their lives as much as thinking of the arrangements for ushering and collecting, on the alert to the problem of acoustics (that is, worrying as to whether others can hear, and hence not really listening themselves).

Their judgment in the call of the pastor is often based on the same considerations they are accustomed to using in selecting a sales manager, rather than on a serious attempt to discern spiritual gifts and dedication to deeper things. This sets up a vicious circle: their attitude affects the pastor they choose, and he in turn nourishes in them these very attitudes which have been their main concern. All too often Hosea's prophecy is fulfilled: "Like people, like priest."

The greater the material success of the church, the greater the likelihood that we will exalt those who, because of their worldly prestige, can be counted on to run a "big operation." In any case, all too often our lay leaders are "safe" men, who have made the church governing body a "closed corporation" and who reproduce their own kind as their successors in office.

It is not surprising that they do not display an independent, critical spirit about affairs in the community and the nation: they are the last ones we expect to speak out on social issues; often they are the first to crucify a minister who does. And it may have been his fault: up to the day of his dangerous outburst the minister may not have sufficiently demonstrated that the purpose of preaching is to comfort the afflicted and *also* to afflict the comfortable.

The character of clerical and lay leadership is strongly reflected in the attitude of the laymen at large. For all too many, "religion" is a quiet support for things as they are, either in their personal and family life or in the community. They do not see it as a critique of their own lives and of the common life. Hence the all too common assumption that the church is simply one of the many "worth-while" influences which support things the way they are.

Right in line with this is the acceptance in personal life of God as one *among a number of resources* for happiness and success. The fact is, for many, God is something to be "used." If it is a sense of peace and tranquility one lacks, "God" is perceived as quite as good as—or better than—a sleeping tablet or a tranquilizer. This is a perversion of religion.

The Lord's Prayer says: "Thy will be done"—presumably with our help. It does not say "my will be done—with Thy help."

WE must be very careful to see precisely what the trouble is. It is not that the church is using all the modern accoutrements and methods in its mission to the world. This is good. But the danger is that involvement in machinery is too often taken as a substitute for the real thing which the machinery can produce and further. This is back of the Lord's word in His last great prayer. He did say that He wanted us in the world and not out of it. But He made clear that He did not want us *of* the world, that is, we should not take our standards and objectives from the world.

It is common in preaching to point to the danger of being a Pharisee. But we must remember that the Pharisee prayed daily in the temple; he fasted twice in the week; he gave tithes of all he possessed.

In Jesus' time the "opposite number" of the Pharisee was the Sadducee. Now rarely do we hear a preacher charge his congregation with Sadduceeism. But actually such a charge would be more to the point. The Sadducees were the respected people, they were the ones who ran the temple, and they ran it well—too well: the only recorded instance of Jesus' anger was when he drove the money-changers from the temple (the record doesn't indicate that he ever got that mad at the Pharisees).

The Sadducees, with urbanity and sophistication, laughed at the pharisaical emphasis on self-discipline and religious earnestness. Eternal life had no place in their thought, because they had it very good *now.*

They were at least more candid than our modern Sadducees: *they* in contradiction to the Pharisees, plainly denied the reality of eternal life. For there is little difference between denying the life to come and caring little about it.

It is Sadduceeism that is the church's main problem today.

There is nothing wrong with the escalators, the acoustical tile, the statistics, or the promotion. All these things may be "a means of grace." Rather, it is a question of putting first things first.

Happily, there are many clergymen and laymen who do this very thing, or at least who worry about the problem. These are the leaven which can leaven the whole lump.

I cannot claim to be in the first category, but I am certainly in the second. Actually, I am torn: I rejoice in the success of the church today; but, having read a little church history, I know that the work of the church can go on without buildings and without budgets—as often it has had to do—and does in some parts of the world today.

It can go on without many things of the flesh. But it cannot go on without things of the spirit. The answer is not either/or; it is both/and.

The church is most surely doing better and better when it comes to the things of the world. Is is doing as well in the things of eternity?

You Can't Be Too Careful

IN NEW YORK IT'S:

A crime to pawn an American flag.

Prohibited to sit on a park bench with a newspaper under you.

A technical violation of the Sullivan law if a citizen finds a gun and turns it over to a policeman.

Against the law to use a hose on the sidewalk at any time without a permit.

Against the law to descend from a balloon with a parachute.

—FRANCES RODMAN

FLIGHT FROM FAME

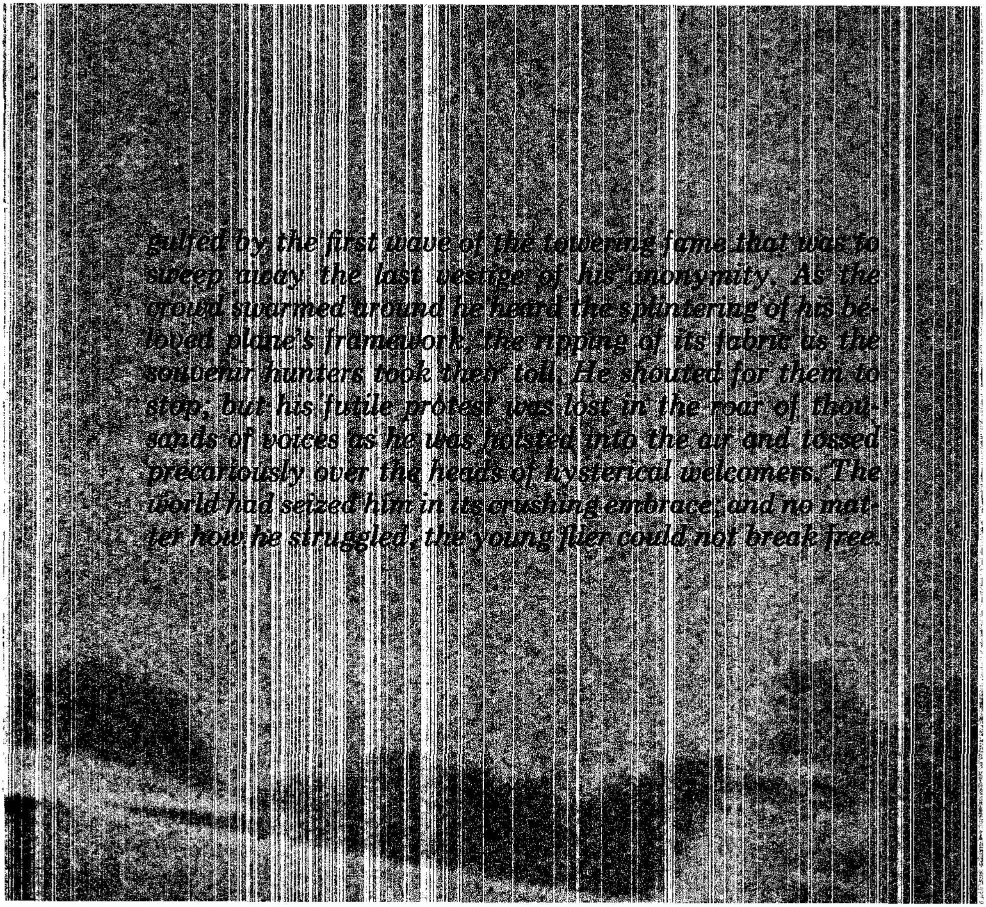
Perhaps more than any other couple
in this celebrity-conscious age,
Charles and Anne Lindbergh have known
the full force and fury of mass hero worship.
Adored, idolized, wept for, harassed, vilified—
and finally forgotten—they have run
the gauntlet of adventure and adversity.
On the following pages is the story
of their courage and devotion
as they fled from fame
in a desperate search for a life of their own.

BY JAMES A. SKARDON AND ROSANNE McVAY

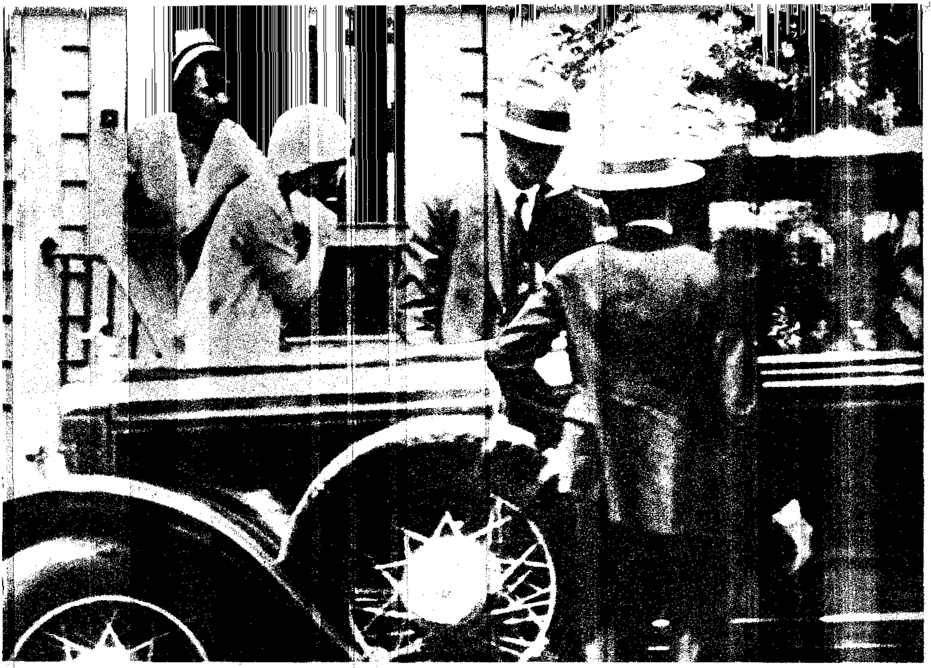
FLIGHT FROM FAME

On the grey and drizzling morning of May 20, 1927, a tiny silver monoplane lumbered perilously down the muddy runway of Roosevelt Field, L. I. Its destination—Paris! The flight was to be a fateful one for the world, aviation and the curly headed youth straining at the plane's controls. For him, a chain of dynamic events was being inexorably set into motion. For "Lindy"—off across the ocean as the world watched, waited and prayed—life would never again be the same.

Landing at Le Bourget, Lindbergh was immediately en-



gulfed by the first wave of the towering fame that was to sweep away the last vestige of his anonymity. As the crowd swarmed around he heard the splintering of his beloved plane's framework, the ripping of its fabric as the souvenir hunters took their toll. He shouted for them to stop, but his futile protest was lost in the roar of thousands of voices as he was hoisted into the air and tossed precariously over the heads of hysterical welcomers. The world had seized him in its crushing embrace, and no matter how he struggled, the young flier could not break free.



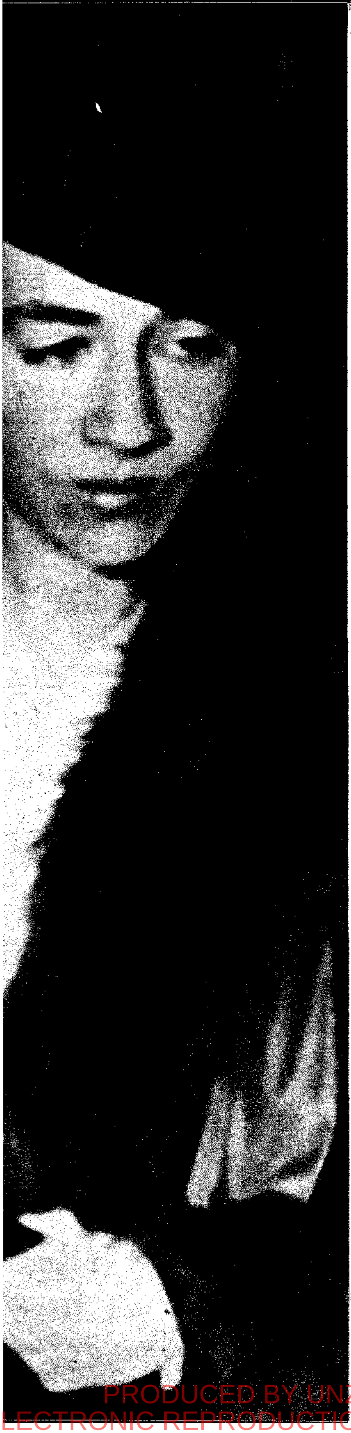
FLIGHT FROM FAME

The Lindberghs (above) in the only known picture of their secret marriage in Englewood, New Jersey, on May 27, 1929. (Right) Aboard a native craft on their 1931 flight to the Orient.

Theirs was a real-life romance that outglittered fiction. Handsome, gangling Lindy, the air ace, and Anne, the pretty daughter of Dwight Morrow, U. S. Ambassador to Mexico, met, fell in love and were married as the world gasped and gurgled in ecstasy. Wildly pursued by newsmen on the honeymoon cruise, the Lindbergh craft was almost upset. The once-smiling hero lost his temper and upbraided his tormentors; and for Anne the ordeal of fame had begun.

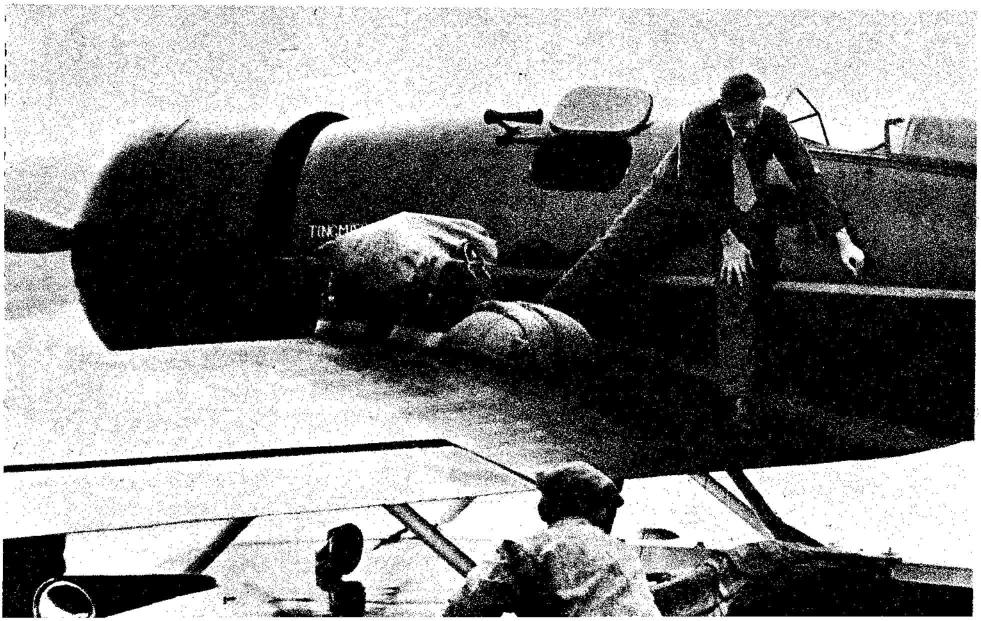
FLIGHT FROM FAME

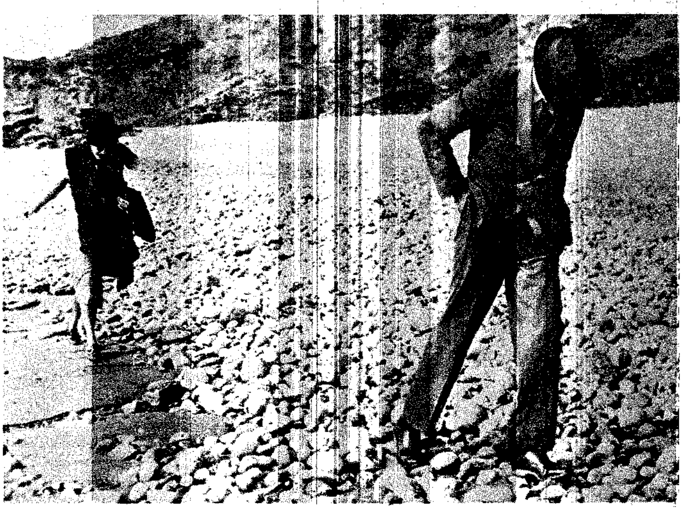
When the Lindberghs withdrew to their secluded new home atop a wooded hill near Hopewell, New Jersey, stark tragedy followed in their footsteps. Their infant son, Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr., was kidnapped and murdered. The world was shocked and saddened at this savagely cruel invasion of the home which had come to symbolize, as one newspaper put it, "the beauty and sanctity of romance and youth." Yet who was to accept the blame for the hysterical cult of hero worship that had set the stage for the crime? As for the Lindberghs, they were to live from that day on in the dark shadows of fear and suspicion.



Stunned by the March 1, 1932, kidnapping and murder of their infant son (shown, lower left, on his first birthday, eight months before his death) Anne and Charles had to summon all their courage and fortitude to endure the trial of the accused unemployed carpenter, Bruno Richard Hauptmann. He went to the electric chair without ever confessing the crime.

For the Lindberghs, the sky meant escape. To be with her man in his element, Anne qualified for her pilot's and radio operator's licenses. But, as the following passages from her novel "The Steep Ascent" (believed to be partly autobiographical) show, taking to the air was for her a struggle: "Eve (Anne) looked with rising anger at his . . . unmoving, complacent, brown leather back . . . She was an earth-person . . . attached to earth . . . not gallant like Gerald (Charles) . . . He knew the edge and he played it casually. She supposed that was why she had fallen in love with him."





The Lindberghs' 1933 pioneering survey of the Atlantic air routes (left and top photos) encompassed more than 30,000 miles, and 31 countries. Afterwards it was revealed that in 1934-35 Lindbergh (above, on French beach, followed by Anne) had been working with famed surgeon Dr. Alexis Carrel in developing a device to keep human organs alive outside the body.

FLIGHT FROM FAME

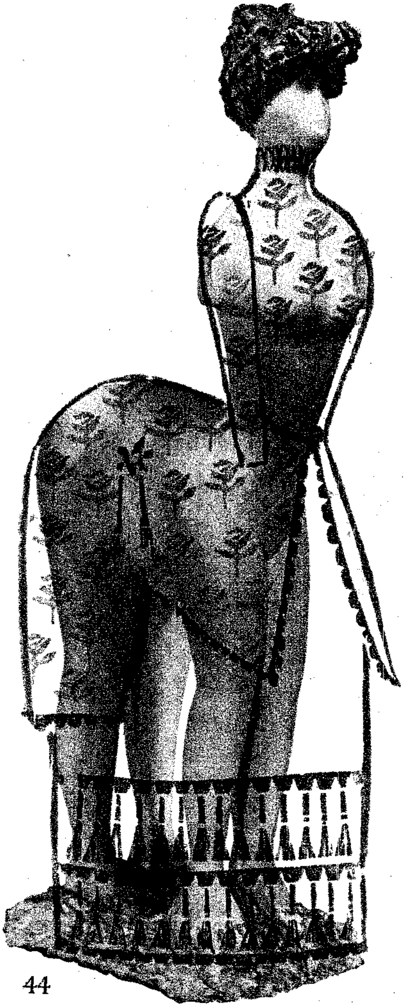
The bitter pre-World War II debates left Lindbergh's reputation tarnished. But the shooting war found our Pacific pilots marveling at his skill in combat when he flew as a civilian against the Japs. Describing a picture of him then, Anne told a friend, "... he is happier than he has been for many years ... look at his smile." The Lone Eagle was back — and flying.

Threats against their second son Jon drove the Lindberghs to flee to London (left) in 1935. While abroad, the flier visited German air centers, accepted a medal from Nazi air chief Goering, and made pro-Nazi statements. After the war it was reported that he had collected valuable data for our air force. But at the time his actions aroused bitter criticism. This mounted when, after his return home, he became a member of the America First Committee and urged U. S. to stay out of the war (left). Shunned by the air force, he tested planes as a civilian (below).

Within the bulwark of an enduring marriage forged in adversity, the Lindberghs have found happiness and the chance to teach their children the joys of the simple life. Feeding the birds, playing in the yard, walking in the woods, family gatherings around the big fire—these are the things they cherish. The Lone Eagle, balding and greying, goes about freely, unrecognized, unmolested. The newspapermen, thrill seekers, and idolizers are gone. The Lindberghs' trial by fame at last has come to an end.

Now in their fifties, the Lindberghs have five children, including married son, Jon, marine biologist and skin diver (below); and live quietly on an island off Darien, Conn., where they are as free as they ever will be of the overwhelming and omnipresent fame that has plagued them all through their 28-year marriage.

the ANATOMY



THE GLEAM that dawned in Adam's eye when Eve first donned her fig leaf meant the end of innocence—and the beginning of fashion.

The mystery is: why do women change their fashions? Some say to please themselves. A few admit they dress in competition with other women. In competition for what? You guessed it. Men!

The "seduction impulse" theory of fashion is not a new one. Many experts have said, "Fashion is sex." But the one who has gone deepest into this theory to explain why women *change* their styles is, of all people, the man in charge of prints and drawings at London's musty old Victoria & Albert Museum.

Historian James Laver, a mild, bespectacled scholar in his 50s, works out his revolutionary theories in a secluded back room of the museum. Modern fashion experts, who doubted his theories at first, now swear by him. For he has never been wrong on a fashion prediction.

One of Laver's theories is the "rotation of erogenous zones" in fash-

# of sex in clothes

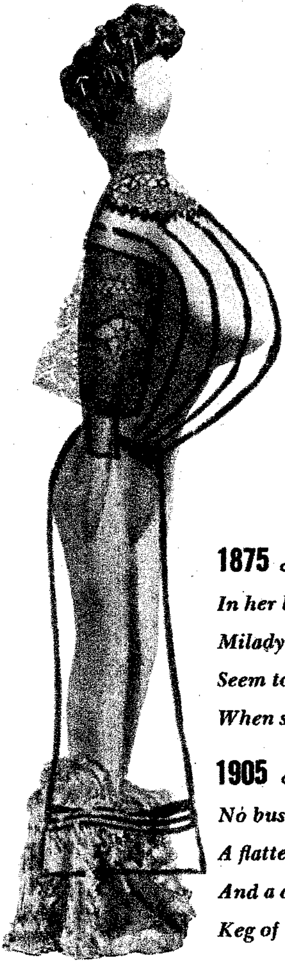
by NAN BAUM

ion: the shifting of male interest from one part of the female body to another. The erogenous zones are the bust, the waist or abdomen, the hips, the buttocks and the legs. And, according to Laver, fashion designers consciously or unconsciously always emphasize at least one of these zones. They expose it, draw clothes tightly over it, or pad it out.

One of Laver's fundamental rules of fashion is this: "When any point of the female body has reached the saturation point of interest, it tends to disappear in favor of some other portion. This erogenous zone is always shifting, and it is the business of fashion to pursue it, without ever actually catching up with it."

He contends that any fashion is slightly shocking when it is just coming in. Men and women howl that they hate it because it is extreme or unflattering. But the real reason lies in the fact that "the newly emphasized zone has an emotional impact, an erotic stimulus which is its whole reason for being."

James Laver's sensational books on fashion are carried by almost

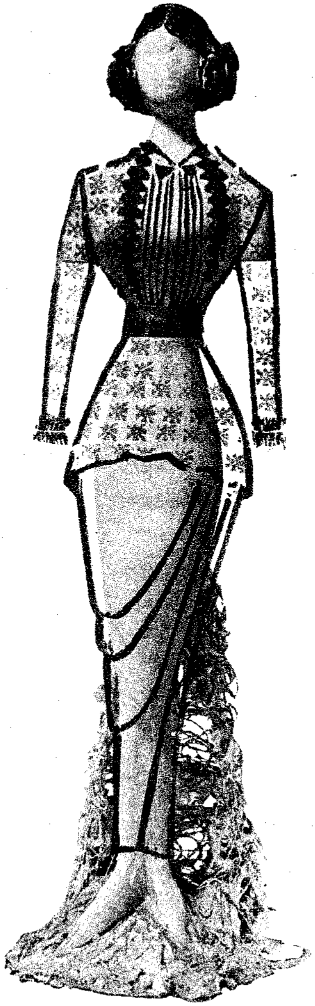


1875 opposite page

In her bustle
Milady would
Seem to be sitting
When she stood.

1905 at left

No bustle now,
A flatter rear;
And a chest like a
Keg of beer.



1913 *In hobble skirt*
Milady fair
Was as svelte as a
Stilted mare.

every top-ranking costume museum in Europe and the U.S. Even fashion editors, whose lives are dedicated to convincing the public that fashion is *anything* but a cover-up for sex, respect his theories.

History also bears him out. In 1900, old gentlemen used to faint if they caught sight of a lady's ankle. By 1926, legs were bared to the knee, but the bosom wasn't supposed to exist. In the early '30s, evening gowns exposed the back down to the sacroiliac and dresses were drawn tight over the hips. The bust reigned supreme throughout the '40s and early '50s.

Where will the erogenous zone be next? Laver said several years ago it would be the waist or abdomen, and his prediction is coming true. Dior's 1955 evening styles effected a slightly pregnant look. The beltless sheath dress is changing the stance of fashion models, forcing them to thrust out the pelvis.

Historian Laver's favorite fashion period is the Directoire, 1795-1800, which immediately followed the French Revolution. He compares it with the 1920s, both of which followed a major war. "In both periods," he says, "women found themselves suddenly emancipated, and their first action was to cut their hair short and to take off most of their clothes.

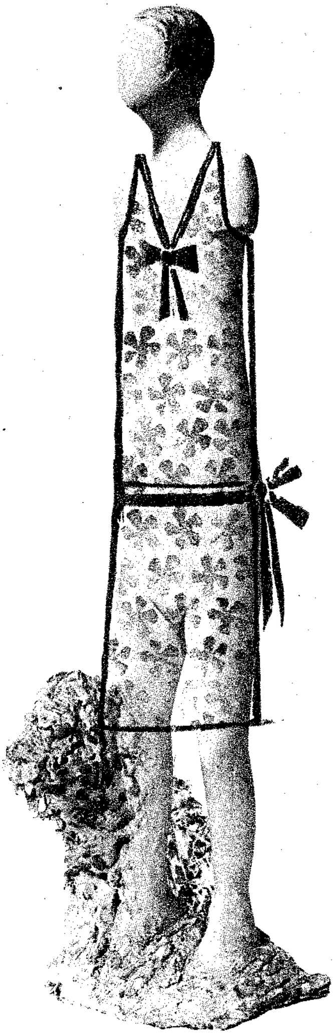
"All the checks which Court etiquette or mere good taste imposed were suddenly removed . . . the seduction impulse which lies at the back of all change in women's dress was displayed in all its nakedness."

After the French Revolution, women were free, and their frocks showed it. They threw away panniers, stomachers and corsets, and appeared in transparent dresses slit to the knees and beyond. Underneath they wore flesh-colored tights, or just flesh. The erogenous zone was the bust, which was paraded more daringly than at any time since.

Women went as far as they could, then the fickle creatures started covering up. This culminated in Victorian priggishness and the crinoline. The crinoline petticoat plumped out skirts until they looked like enormous tea cozies, making the women of the mid-19th century physically unapproachable. Men could shake hands with them, but could hardly get their arms around them.

Appearances were deceiving, however. For, according to Laver, the crinoline was certainly not a moral garment: " 'Touch me not,' it said, but the command . . . was as hollow as the crinoline itself . . . It was like a restless captive balloon . . . It swayed now to one side, now to the other . . . Any pressure on one side of the steel hoops . . . resulted in a sudden upward shooting of the skirt." He adds: "It was probably this upward shooting which gave mid-Victorian men their complex about ankles, and it certainly resulted in a new fashion in boots."

The post-World War I period of the '20s produced another Emancipated Woman, this one with the vote, and high skirts. For the first time in centuries, the female leg was exposed in public. The bust, also for the first time in hundreds of years, was not supposed to exist at all. It



1920 *The truth at last,*

No longer hid:

Now the girls had legs—

Oh, you kid!

STATUETTES BY TINO NIVOLA, COURTESY THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM
COSTUMES DRAWN BY AL GROSSMAN

was flattened by the "combinaire," a tube-like corset. But skirts soared.

"The sight of so many feminine legs," Laver explains, "some ugly, some tolerable and some beautiful, became a bore." In 1929, corset-makers began to acknowledge that the bosom was still around by providing tube-like corsets with two little pockets that emphasized its contours.

The '30s brought in the posterior as the new erogenous zone. Fashions were all devised to be seen from behind. "For perhaps the first time in history," says Laver, "women appeared in public stripped to the waist—at the back." And the rump was accentuated by fabric stretched tightly over it.

Thirties backsides were followed by the '40s busts. But even bosoms became boring. Laver knew it would happen. He was the first person anywhere to see a return to the no-bosom styles of the 1920s. It began with Christian Dior's "H-line" in 1954.

Laver had predicted the H-line six years before, when Dior's rounded, feminine "new look" dominated fashion and busty beauties were the ideals of movie fans. About the middle of the 1950s, he said in 1948, people will begin to feel nostalgic about the '20s. Bosoms will flatten out. Waists will drop to the hipline. Women will cut their hair. The "little girl" look will return.

Designers told him to go back to his cobwebs and forget about clothes, but Dior proved him right.

Historian Laver is not alone in propounding the sexual theory of fashion change. Dr. Edmund Bergler, the psychiatrist, backs him up. "Fashion," says Dr. Bergler, "is no more than a series of permutations of seven given themes, each theme being a part of the female body." Bergler adds two more erogenous zones to Laver's five: the arms and the length of the body itself.

Professor John C. Flügel, the psychologist, also follows Laver's school of thought. Flügel evolved a theory of "clothes ambivalence"—the never-ending conflict between modesty and display. To expose the bust is taboo in our culture. Instead, it is accented by brassieres, by necklines that plunge, or by high waistlines.

Flügel compares women's fashions to the case of psychological blushers. Their blush is a symptom of shame, but it also draws attention to their suffering and thus gratifies their unconscious exhibitionism. "Clothes," as Flügel puts it, "resemble a perpetual blush upon the surface of humanity."

Fashion's aim throughout the ages has rarely been beauty, or even practicality. It is the effort of woman to get and keep her man. Fashion, in short, is cut out for sex.

IN TOKUSHIMA, JAPAN, the entire fire department—all 14 fire engines—went out to rural villages one day to demonstrate how to extinguish a fire.

A real fire started and gutted 40 houses in the city before the engines could get back. —*Associated Press*

A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Spotlight on Sports

Clear the field, light up the arena, polish the diamond and water down the court—sports action looms ahead! Ralph Story, quizmaster of "The $64,000 Challenge" (CBS-TV, Sundays, 10-10:30 P.M. EDT), tests your mettle in these highlights from the sports world. Remember, says Guest Editor Story, a champion fights to the finish. Set your goal on a top score, and turn to page 92 to check answers with the referee's decision.

1. During most of his baseball career, Joe DiMaggio played:
   [✓ **a. center field**] **b. first base** **c. pitcher**
2. "Yogi" Berra's first name is really:
   a. Anthony **b. Luigi** [✓ **c. Lawrence**]
3. This Olympic diving champion is the wife of major-leaguer Jackie Jensen:
   a. Celeste Holm **b. Zoe Ann Olsen** [✓ **c. Doris Mason**]
4. Alexander Joy Cartwright, Jr. was called the "Father" of modern:
   a. football **b. baseball** [✓ **c. basketball**]
5. She was six times the National Women's Champion bowler:
   a. Doris Duke [✓ **b. Marion Ladewig**] **c. Virginia Mason**
6. The greatest all-round woman athlete of this century was:
   a. Marilyn Bell **b. Gertrude Ederle** [✓ **c. Babe Didrikson Zaharias**]
7. Often called a "pigskin," a football is actually covered with:
   [✓ **a. cowhide**] **b. alligator** **c. pigskin**
8. An "eagle," to a golfer, means:
   a. 1 under par **b. 2 under par** **c. 1 over par**
9. In football, the conversion point counts 1, a touchdown is 6, a field goal adds 3. How much does a touchback score?
   a. 4 [✓ **b. 0**] **c. 5**
10. The term "Long Horse" is used in:
    a. horse racing **b. gymnastics** **c. table tennis**
11. How many world heavyweight champions have retired undefeated from the ring during the past 30 years?
    a. 8 **b. 4** **c. 2**
12. A championship fight consists of how many rounds?
    a. [✓ **15**] **b. 12** **c. 10**
13. The "toeboard" is used in:
    a. javelin throwing [✓ **b. broad jumping**] **c. shot putting**
14. The term "fletcher" is associated with:
    a. archery **b. hunting** [✓ **c. fishing**]
15. "Face Off" and "Sin Bin" are terms used in:
    a. football [✓ **b. hockey**] **c. soccer**
16. This former Olympic champion won fame and fortune in exhibition swimming with the Aquacade:
    [✓ **a. Eleanor Holm**] **b. Annette Kellerman** **c. Thelma Thomas**
17. Which is the term used for the procedure of coming to a halt on skis?
    a. slalom **b. digging in** **c. Christiania**

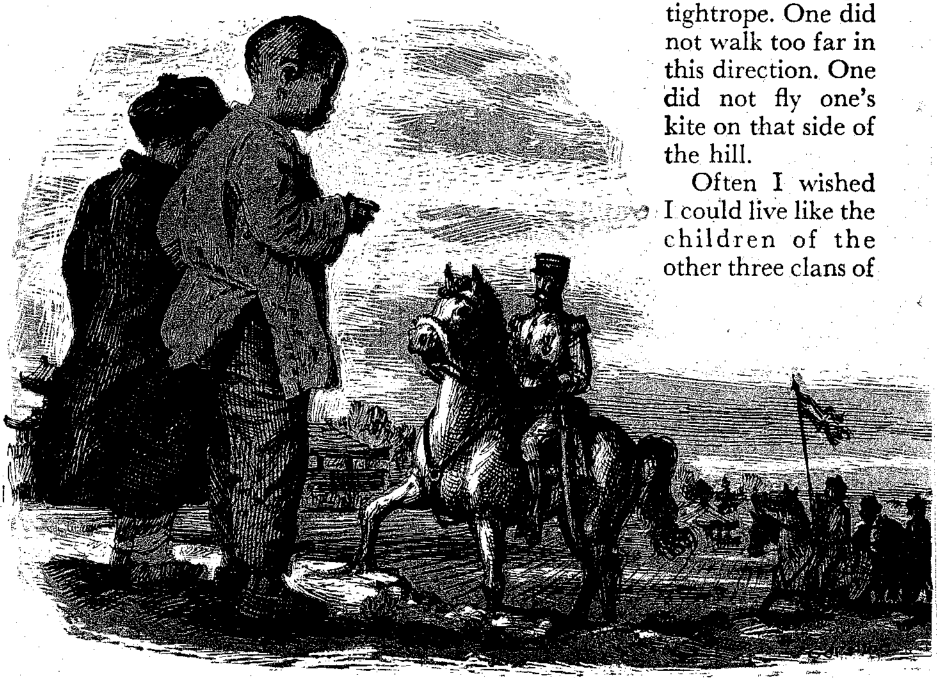
showdown at Hsingning

by DAVID P. YUAN
and ARTHUR MYERS

WHEN I WAS a small boy in China I was afraid of many things. I was afraid of the ghosts and the bandits in the stories my grandmother told me. I was afraid of the war lords that swept intermittently over our Kwangtung Province village. But most of all I was afraid of the Lum family.

The Lums and my clan, the Yuans, were the Hatfields and McCoys of the village of Hsingning. But our feud, while perhaps not so bloody as that famous American one, had more impact upon us. For, jam-packed in a rice-farming village of 500, we lived side by side—always hating and fearing. Life, especially for a child, was a rigid tightrope. One did not walk too far in this direction. One did not fly one's kite on that side of the hill.

Often I wished I could live like the children of the other three clans of



the village, the Chans, the Wongs, and the Chengs. They did not fight, and they were unafraid and free.

No one remembered how the feud began, but it had been smouldering and flaring off and on for more than two generations. Only one man on each side had been killed, but many had been wounded, some seriously. A lost chicken, a whistle at a woman, a cow's wandering into the wrong pasture—any little thing could erupt into violence. And since the Lums outnumbered us by about 150 to 90, we Yuans lived in constant apprehension.

Two years before, one of the Lum clan leaders, a powerfully built former police officer we called Old Savage Ox, had broken the leg of my cousin Kum, who was only 12, with a bamboo rod.

Since then, however, there had been a lull, and with good reason. My father had become a general.

My mother, younger brother and I stayed at home in our village while he campaigned in the service of war lords. I remember him as a tall man, spare and straight, with piercing eyes. But when he was with his family there was always a warmth and humor about him.

Father had left Hsingning at 16 to enter a military academy at Canton, the provincial capital. Two years later he graduated first in his class. His abilities caught the eye of an important general, who put him on his staff. Shrewd both as a militarist and a politician, he rose rapidly. Now he was the right-hand man of a war lord who ruled two provinces.

The Lums watched Father's rise with growing uneasiness, the Yuans with jubilation. A day of reckoning was approaching.

One day our clan leader, Shih Su Kung, received a letter from Father saying he was coming to Hsingning for a visit and was bringing a guard of cavalrymen with him. It was significant that he had written Shih Su Kung rather than my mother. Clan business was to be conducted.

Father rode up our hill on a gigantic white stallion. He wore a gray uniform with a single gold medal. He was the very picture of a general. He and the elders went into the clan hall. The topic of the day, we knew, was the Lums.

My brother and I gawked at his cavalrymen with great admiration and some fear. They were weather-beaten, young and tough looking, each carrying a revolver or a Mauser. We felt very glad they were with us and not against us.

At dawn the next day a bugle sounded. The village rose as one man and a crowd began to gather. Father emerged from our house. He took his place at the head of the troops and they started toward the Lum area.

The villagers swarmed along beside, behind and ahead, in a fever of excitement. This was the long-awaited day—the showdown. "What will they do to Old Savage Ox?" my brother panted as we scrambled along the line of march.

"He will be shot, I think," I replied. "Father will not forget he horsewhipped Second Uncle seven years ago."

Our party wound along the narrow paths between the rice paddies, past graves of long-dead Lums and by their fishing pond. Before long, I felt, I would be able to fish there myself.

Suddenly we burst through a clump of willows and saw, squat and shuttered in the morning light, the houses of the Lums. They stood in two rows behind the courtyard. At the end of the "sky-well," or corridor between the rows, stood their clan hall. Within it was their ancestral shrine.

The men of the Lums stood waiting in the yard. They carried no weapons of any kind. Resistance would have been suicidal. The men I had feared so—Hok-koo, Sum-chai, Old Savage Ox—stood facing the approaching Yuans, motionless. Their faces looked shrunken now.

The soldiers marched into the courtyard, came to a halt and stood at attention. My father strode forward, past the waiting Lums and into their clan hall. He walked down the length of it to the sacred shrine.

Suddenly a murmur rustled through the crowd. Eight soldiers were struggling with two red crates. One contained a roast pig and the other ten roast chickens. They carried the crates into the hall, and placed them in front of the shrine.

Father lighted a bundle of incense and planted it in the incense bowl. A soldier handed him a bottle of red wine and he opened it and filled the tiny cups before each of the ancestral portraits. Then he stepped back and, facing the shrine, bowed deeply three times.

He did an about-face and marched out of the hall and home.

Only the elders of our clan had known what Father was going to do. To the rest of us it was a complete surprise, a momentary disappointment that quickly dispelled into admiration.

"What a stroke of statesmanship!" I heard Tseng-hai, tutor of our clan school, exclaim.

As we stood in our courtyard discussing this remarkable day, I heard a shout and saw a large delegation of the Lum men, headed by two white-goateed elders in ceremonial gowns, coming up the path. They had with them two roast pigs and 20 roast chickens.

They marched through our courtyard and into our hall, and laid their gifts before our shrine. They bowed three times.

Then they filed out. First came Hok-koo, then Sum-chai, then a huge man. Involuntarily, I turned to run, then stopped. For it was Old Savage Ox—and I saw, as he shambled by me, that there were tears rolling down his cheeks.

Have you ever explored the gustatory byways of Feta, Sap Sago, Viterbo, Colby, Noekkelost or Saanen? . . . They're all part of . . .

The Wonder World of
CHEESE

by NORMAN *and* MADELYN CARLISLE

ONE DAY a Polish refugee walked into a New York cheese store. "Do you sell Warshawski Syr?" he asked.

The proprietor shook his head. The shop offered 366 kinds of cheese, but not this one.

As the disappointed visitor turned away, the owner said, "Wait a minute. You don't happen to know how to *make* Warshawski Syr, do you?"

The refugee nodded—and a few days later was on his way to a job in a Wisconsin cheese factory which was happy to add to its output a little-known cheese that had never been available in the U.S. before.

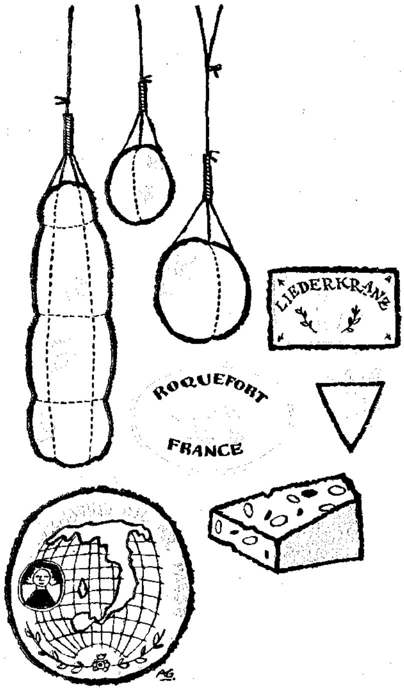
Any variety of cheese, new or old, exotic or commonplace, is sure of finding a ready market, for America has become the biggest cheese-eating country on earth. We have doubled our per capita use of it in the past 25 years, and the rate is still spiralling, with some 2,000 factories and scores of importers barely keeping up with the demand. Many supermarkets that five years ago offered cheese in a dozen flavor varieties now display 100.

"Americans," says Will Foster, cheese expert of The Borden Cheese Company, "are cheese happy."

And well they may be, for no other food offers such a dazzling variety of blandishments for both the gourmet and the everyday eater. While there are just 28 basic types of cheese, flavor variations total more than 400, each with its own claim to individuality.

Varied though they may be in color, shape, consistency, age and taste, cheeses share one quality—they are the most highly concentrated of all protein foods. This is understandable when you consider that the making of a single pound of Cheddar cheese takes ten pounds (four and a half quarts) of milk. A tiny one-and-a-quarter-ounce portion of cheese contains as much protein and essential nourishment as an eight-ounce glass of milk.

While its caloric count is quite high, a large percentage of the calories are those of proteins. The carbohydrate content is low because most of the lactose, the milk sugar, is drawn off in the form of whey during the cheese-making process. Cheese rates as a good source of



vitamin B_2, and an excellent source of vitamin A. A family of four eating a main dish using just half a pound of Cheddar will receive all the protein necessary for that meal.

No one can be sure just how long men have been smacking their lips over cheese, but it is certain it has as long a record as any man-made food. References to cheese were found on clay tablets in the Temple of Ur, dating from around 3,000 B.C. Homer speaks of caves filled with cheeses and the Bible has a number of references to cheese.

It is a food both so simple that primitive nomadic peoples could make it—and so complex that today big food laboratories spend millions probing its mysteries. However it is made, the principle is the same: liquid milk coagulated into a solid.

Take, for instance, Cheddar—the cheese Americans eat the most of. Into a vat of milk which has been pasteurized by bringing it to 163 degrees, and holding it at precisely that temperature for 20 seconds, is placed exactly three ounces of rennet for every 1,000 pounds of milk. This powerful enzyme settles the milk solids into the spongy mass known as the curd.

Cut into three-eighths-inch cubes, drained of whey (the liquids they contain), formed into larger blocks, cut up again, agitated, salted, again pressed into larger blocks, and shaped, these curds emerge as cheese ready for curing.

What makes one cheese different from another? So many factors that it is no wonder there are hundreds of varieties. The kind of milk plays a big part. Most cheeses are made from cow's milk; some, like Roquefort and Feta, are made principally from sheep's milk; Latticini is sometimes made from buffalo milk.

The way the milk is handled in the cheese-making process has an effect also, as do the substances added. Sap Sago, the green cheese from Switzerland, for example, gets its color and sharp flavor from ground-up clover leaves. Viterbo, an Italian cheese, is made from milk curdled by the wild artichoke. Noekkelost from Scandinavia is given zip by the addition of spices.

The most important flavor changers, however, are microscopic organisms—bacteria and molds. Cheeses contain staggering numbers of them; a single gram of Limburger has been found to have as many as 6,300,000,000 tiny mold plants, as well as 360,000,000,000 bacteria. In Swiss cheese, a particular kind of bacteria forms a gas which explodes, creating the holes. Cheese factories jealously guard the particular strains of bacteria used in their cheeses.

One of the important molds is a cousin of that from which we make penicillin. Its use in cheese making was discovered, according to legend, more than a thousand years ago, when a French shepherd boy left his lunch of cheese in a cave. Several days later he returned and found strange blue-green veins running through it.

He tasted it, and rushed home with a sample of the first cheese of its kind, which was later named after his home village, Roquefort. His rather ordinary cheese had been transformed by the growth of a mold, a method no one has improved upon for making this aristocrat of cheeses.

Today, *Penicillium roqueforti,* grown on ordinary bread which is ground into a powder, is added during the making of such other cheeses as Gorgonzola, Stilton and Blue (or Bleu) cheese.

Turning ultraviolet rays on a bacteria-containing solution led to Nuworld, the first basically new cheese developed in the U.S. in the 20th century.

During the aging period, bacteria and molds multiply at a fantastic rate. A half-inch piece of cheese may have as few as 150,000 when freshly made; 6,000,000 a few days later.

Every kind of cheese has its own period of ripening. A Cheddar can be ripened for from three or four months to one or two years, depending on the flavor desired. Blue cheese takes two to three months; Parmesan at least 14 months. The grand old man of cheeses, Saanen, requires three to eight years.

Scientists at the University of Wisconsin have been working on a device that may put the tang in Cheddar with sound instead of time. Bacteria in cheese stimulated by bombardment by ultrasonic waves have produced ripe Cheddar in half to a third the usual time.

Many cheeses undergo little or no ripening, such as cottage cheese; Mozzarella, the light yellow Italian cheese; and Neufchatel, the white French cheese, along with its American cousin, cream cheese.

The problem of keeping certain cheeses from aging beyond their proper period, once they are on the grocer's shelves, has been solved by ingenious packages of heat-sealed plastic. Some of them are treated with chemicals which do not harm the cheese, but do stop the further growth of organisms. That is why such fresh cheeses as soft, mellow Colby, a type of Cheddar, once limited to localities near cheese factories, can now be found everywhere.

Packaging has brought other revolutions in cheese selling, too. Big national distributors such as Kraft, Borden, Armour and Swift are not only able to bring exotic and formerly localized cheeses to every table, but they can also sell more commonplace varieties in small quantities, presliced.

Though Americans are credited

with the discovery of only five completely new cheeses—cream, Liederkranz, brick, Monterey and Nuworld—American food technologists are the world's champion cheese jugglers, combining and adapting standard varieties in that basic American development, "process" cheese.

Although process cheese is the form in which most Cheddar is eaten, many people don't really know what it is. Actually, process cheese is cheese which has been melted, mixed with milk solids, pasteurized and resolidified. The organisms in the cheese are destroyed and the result is a cheese that keeps indefinitely without refrigeration.

The most widely sold of process cheeses is made with Cheddar. It is the basis of Kraft's Velveeta and Borden's Chateau, but increasingly the makers are turning out other varieties of processed cheeses, such as Swiss and Gruyère. In another cheese they've mixed brick, Limburger and Cheddar to get a nippy product that picks up the good qualities of all three.

We may be eating more cheese than ever before, but nutritionists say that we're just getting a start toward making full use of this richly endowed food. People who have never tasted more than four or five kinds are missing wondrous experiences, say the epicures, who urge you to sample such combinations as Gorgonzola and fresh pears.

However, the most promising way to turn cheese eating into a culinary adventure is to use it in cookery. Try it in a hearty salad, such as peppers or tomatoes stuffed with cheese, melt it for a sauce to pour over vegetables like broccoli and asparagus, crumble Roquefort in French dressing, and try cheese for dessert.

Using cheese for main dishes, with macaroni, omelets and soufflés, is a boon to food budgets as well as appetites, because the food value of cheese is greater, pound for pound, than that of the best steak.

Authorities agree on one thing—the king of cheese dishes is the soufflé. Marye Dahnke, Kraft cookery expert, suggests this easy one:

SIX-EGG CHEESE SOUFFLE

(4-6 servings)

4 tbs. butter or margarine
4 tbs. flour
1 tsp. salt
dash cayenne
1½ cups milk
½ lb. processed American cheese
6 eggs

Make a sauce by melting the butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler over boiling water, adding flour, salt and cayenne, stirring until smoothly blended. Add milk. When thickened and smooth, add the cheese and stir until it is melted. Remove from heat, add the beaten yolks of the eggs, and mix well. Slightly cool the mixture, then pour slowly onto the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, cutting and folding the mixture thoroughly together. Pour into an ungreased 2-quart casserole. With a teaspoon draw a line around the casserole one inch in from the edge to form a crease which when baked forms a "top hat." Bake 1¼ hours in a slow oven, 300°. Serve at once.

The Mystery of the Texas Ghost Light

by PAUL MORAN

FROM A small isolated peak in the Chinati Mountains some 18 miles from the Rio Grande, a mysterious light gleams out of the night like a weird Cyclopean eye. Settlers first reported it more than 70 years ago, and it still can be plainly seen from Highway 90 between Alpine and Marfa, Texas. Yet to this day, no one knows what it is, where it originates, or why it shines.

Uncounted numbers of "prospectors" have sought the ghost light's source. Approached from the air, or over the 50 miles of sun-seared terrain, it suddenly vanishes.

It is an intriguing sight, this strange light twinkling in the distance like a star resting on a mountain slope. Old natives will tell you that it is a campfire kindled by an ancient Apache ghost condemned to roam the mountains forever.

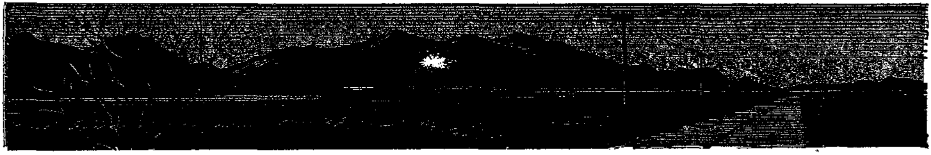
The light has a peculiar habit of moving. Viewed through a telescope, its faraway gleam will fade out only to return again a few degrees to the right or left. It is lighter in color than starlight and at times appears to be a double light. One minute it is a tiny, almost indistinct sparkle, the next a vivid glare brighter than an automobile headlight. At times, there is no light at all.

Perhaps the most popular theory explains it as a reflection of the moon from an undiscovered mica vein. But to allow a reflection to move, the vein would have to be a large, exposed lode which would have been discovered by now.

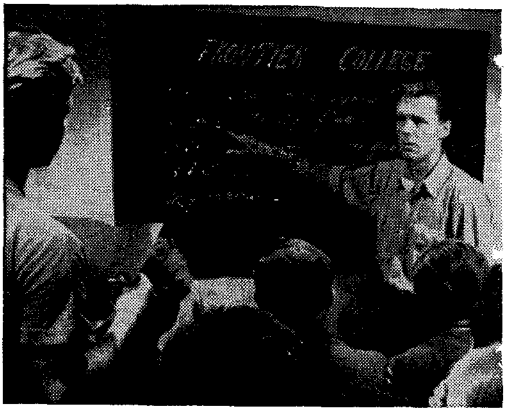
Luminous gas, such as the kind called "swamp gas," might be responsible for the light. But could it be seen 50 miles away? Furthermore, geologic conditions seem to discount the possibility of natural gas reserves there.

What about a mirage? Inverse mirages require a special type of stratified air that probably abounds in the Chinatis. But mirages are reflections of distant and, in this case, artificial lights. And 70 years ago the brightest light in this area was a kerosene lantern.

Other theories range from foxfire and uranium deposits to a cowboy's flashlight. Perhaps some day one of these will be the answer to the mystery. But up to now, no one knows. ♛ ♛ ♛



CANADA'S COLLEGE IN THE WOODS



by ANNE FROMER

ONCE EVERY WEEK a bulky, innocent-looking envelope leaves a cluttered little office in downtown Toronto for a destination so secret that it must be forwarded via a cover address in Montreal. It is eventually delivered at an unnamed pinpoint on the Arctic Dew Line, the joint U.S.-Canadian radar chain that is North America's last outpost, and first line of defense.

Any secret agent who might intercept this tempting missive, addressed to one Morrison MacLeod, would be baffled at the cryptic contents. "Enclosed are the spelling folders requested . . . the frostbite you mention should not be treated by rubbing snow, but rather by immersion in lukewarm water . . . desired charts and chess manual on the way. . . ."

This is not an indecipherable code dispatch. It is a "teacher's help"—one of the weekly mailings that go to lonely, remote places where the continent's last frontiersmen dig for uranium, construct roads and power lines, build and operate the radar stations from which will come the alert if ever an atomic attack is launched against us.

The men who get these letters are staff members of a college that has been described as "the most unusual teaching system in the history of education—anywhere."

It is Canada's Frontier College.

Frontier College is indeed unique. Actually it is a college in name only, though it claims some 32,000 students. Most of them are long past voting age, yet few could qualify for the fourth grade. The courses offered deal principally with the three Rs. Its 65 "professors" are probably the most underpaid, but most grateful, faculty in the world. Most of them are not yet college graduates.

Normally, a faculty member is recruited through reading—and inexplicably becoming interested in—a terse message on a university bulletin board offering undergraduates in their sophomore year or over "temporary jobs with low pay, hard work and rough living."

Successful applicants—and not all who apply are accepted—may find themselves transported to places in Canada so remote that they are not yet on any map. There the reason for some of the requirements—a minimum weight of 160 pounds, good health and physical condition—becomes painfully obvious. For the applicant has been accepted for a dual job: ten hours a day of swinging an axe, wielding a pick or driving a bulldozer for the mining, railroad or construction company to which he has been assigned; plus evenings spent enrolling, persuading and teaching a class of up to half-a-hundred hard-bitten workers who have failed, neglected—or often resisted—getting an education.

For the daytime manual job, the teacher is paid the going hourly rate by the company. For the season's teaching he receives a nominal honorarium of $100 to $225 from Frontier College—the exact amount is determined so that each man's total earnings are about equal.

By unimaginable hard work and by guile, as well as by holding out a hand to men pathetically eager to be taught, the laborer-teachers of Frontier College in little more than half a century have taught over 250,000 students—some a little, some a lot. Half of them learned to read and write; and a handful of those now can write, not only their names, but letters after their names.

Few people are probably aware that the world's most celebrated baby specialist was a Frontier College teacher at a siding shack-settlement of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Mile 127 on the Molson division in Manitoba.

Dr. Benjamin Spock is noted in Frontier College's files as the laborer-teacher who, back in 1926, showed the most persistence in organizing a class against the greatest odds of indifference in the College's history. When his term was completed, Dr. Spock recommended Frontier College to a fellow Yale undergraduate, Anson Stokes.

Today, Rt. Reverend Anson P. Stokes of Massachusetts recalls as "the most important summer of my life" his term as a carpenter's helper (ten hours a day, 40¢ an hour, six days a week), plus several hours teaching each night in a bunkhouse converted into a classroom.

"Shortly before I joined up," says Reverend Stokes, "I listened to a wondrous speech of recruitment—and of warning—from the College's principal, Edmund Bradwin. He came down to Yale, got permission to address some of the undergraduates, and almost without preliminary thundered:

" 'This will be the real test of your

manhood. Are you big enough, humble enough, to take your college education to the men on the frontier in the one form they can assimilate it—on the end of a pike-pole, a tamping rod, or a mucking machine?' "

The answer to this question is the fact that every year there are three times as many applications from undergraduates in Canadian and United States colleges as there are teaching posts. And it is almost unheard of for an applicant to back out, even when he learns the full extent of what lies ahead of him.

He must, for example, take any job, in addition to his teaching duties, that the employer at his assigned camp offers. As a result, L-Ts have become dirt-movers on the Alaska Highway, excavator attendants on the giant Shipshaw and Kitimat Aluminum Power Developments, muckers at the Geco Mines, track-layers on the Quebec-Labrador Iron Ore Railway, construction men at the Chalk River Atomic Energy Center.

In addition to having to teach when he is ready to drop with exhaustion, the Frontier College "professor" finds he is expected to serve as counsellor in the tangled personal affairs of his students. And many have been overwhelmed at the faith their students place in their teachings, once they have won the men's trust.

Bill Tetley, a McGill student, was the L-T to a gang of railroad laborers in northern New Brunswick. His students were refugees from dictator-ruled European countries who were tragically ignorant of democracy or personal equality. Tetley's talks on freedom so impressed them that when the gang organized a baseball team they flatly rejected the idea of a captain.

"In a democratic land every player is as good as every other player," they insisted. "We want no leader."

SUCH DIVERSE functions of its teachers were not dreamed of when Frontier had its timid beginnings at the turn of the century. The College was started, almost unwittingly, by a gentle preacher named Alfred Fitzpatrick, a Nova Scotian who studied at Queen's University in Ontario and then deliberately sought from the American Presbyterian Church the most difficult assignment that church had to offer: missionary work in the redwood forest camps of California.

He preached his way through the lumber camps of California, and found that the men in them were rough, blasphemous, given to sin, drink and gambling. The charitable preacher attributed much of this to one cause—loneliness, boredom from the lack of anything to read.

After returning to Canada, he received a pastorate at Nairn Centre, Ontario, then in the heart of the Georgian Bay lumbering country. Fitzpatrick visited the camps and here, too, he found the men deteriorating mentally and socially from their drab isolated life. He had very little success in persuading them to attend his church, but there was a glimmer of interest when he built a log hut and stocked it with magazines and newspapers.

What turned this modest library into the fabulous institution known as Frontier College, though, was the restless nature of one of the first men to supervise the log reading room. His name was Angus Gray. He was a schoolteacher. In the summer of 1902 he took charge of the reading room to make a little vacation money. He found the long summer days boring as he waited for the men to finish their work and come to the log hut—which they did reluctantly and in small numbers.

Gray finally asked the woods boss for a job. The boss looked at the schoolteacher doubtfully. "The only job around here is in the woods—hard work," he said.

Gray took the job, and sweated and ached alongside the hard-bitten woodsmen who showed new respect for this schoolteacher who wasn't too proud to be one of them. They began to patronize his reading room, and so the unique educator, the laborer-teacher of Frontier College, was born.

A year later, the man who was to become known as "Mr. Frontier College" came on the scene. Edmund Bradwin, too, was trying to earn money to finance his education. But in that first backwoods job in 1903 he found his life's work. He took over the formula that Fitzpatrick and Gray had devised almost by accident: university student becomes manual laborer in exchange for the privilege of teaching men who would otherwise remain untaught.

That it is a privilege, conferring invaluable leadership training, L-Ts agree. Over the years there have been more than 3,000 of them. They have included such men as Brigadier Sherwood Lett of Vancouver, who led the fateful allied assault on Dieppe; the Honorable Escott Reid, Canadian High Commissioner to India; Dr. Ray Farquharson, Dean of the internationally famed University of Toronto Medical School.

Once an interviewer asked Dr. Farquharson about the obviously arduous steps leading to so eminent a post.

"After one summer as a Frontier College teacher," he answered feelingly, "it was easy to become the Dean of Medicine."

One of the reasons why "Bradwin's boys" almost cherish the hardships that his eloquence has led them into is that they know his personal story is one of total sacrifice to his dream.

For example, Frontier College's finances have always been largely dependent on a small government subsidy plus company grants and personal donations. So for the 50 years he guided the College, Bradwin refused to accept more than the barest minimum to fill his needs. For much of that time his annual salary did not exceed the incredible sum of $1,400.

For years, he and a teacher named Minnie Fessant had been in love with each other, but Bradwin decided that he could not ask her to share his life on his modest income. Miss Fessant waited patiently for a quarter of a century—then took matters into her own hands and let Bradwin know, subtly but unmistakably, that she was willing to marry a very poor man—if his name was Edmund Bradwin.

One of the earliest functions of Frontier College that Bradwin retained was the plan of distributing books, magazines and newspapers to the scattered fragments of his coast-to-coast campus. This program not only entertained men desperately in need of diversion, but lured some of them into seeking education—and invariably provided fuel for "bull sessions" which thrashed out subjects ranging "from politics to Plato."

In 1953, shortly before Edmund Bradwin died, Eric Robinson, a former laborer-teacher doing post-graduate work at McGill and teaching high school in Montreal, was called to Toronto and offered the job of Supervisor of Instructors at Frontier College—at a salary that would mean a lifetime of financial sacrifice. It never occurred to Dr. Bradwin that Robinson would turn the offer down. "And as a matter of fact," Robinson says, "it never occurred to me, either."

After Dr. Bradwin's death in 1954, Robinson was appointed principal and today, at his littered desk in the same office that Bradwin occupied, Eric Robinson keeps in close touch with the current generation of laborer-teachers, reliving his own experiences in their reports.

Like the one from a teacher in a subarctic Yellowknife mining camp who, at the end of his term, was returning to civilization. As he ruefully packed his battered work clothes, he decided to telegraph home and ask that some respectable clothes be sent to a halfway point.

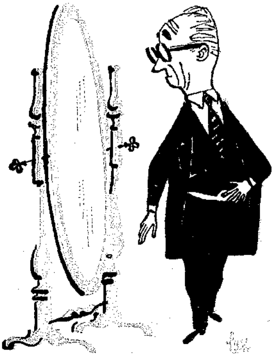
He was bidden what seemed to him a rather casual farewell by the miners, the muckers, the lift-men, who had been his pupils and fellow-laborers. Then he returned to his tent. As he put it in his report: "There on top of my suitcase lay my least threadbare suit. It had, miraculously, in this place where facilities for keeping clean are so hard to come by, been cleaned, ironed and even neatly patched. It was a parting gift from the men no multi-millionaire mine owner could have bought."

There was a time when a laborer-teacher, after a season at a typical Frontier College camp, might return again and again. But those times are passing. For what is today a frontier camp may be tomorrow an organized community, with a school, meeting hall, the beginning of a library.

"When that happens, we move out," Robinson explains. "We're no longer needed there. But there is always a waiting list of requests from somewhere beyond."

In a country as vast as Canada, whose far reaches have yet to be fully mapped, and whose untapped wealth still awaits the enterprising searcher, there will always be the beckoning challenge of pioneers who need Frontier College.

YOU CAN ADD TO YOUR INCOME by following the Spare Time Opportunities and Business Opportunities sections of Coronet Family Shopper. You're sure to find just the thing to give your income that needed boost.



Grandpa's Flesh

—and the Devil

by K. N. Hardin

I have noticed, with the passage of time, that I have become more and more satisfied with less and less—less hair, less teeth and less boyish figure (though resigned may possibly be a better word for it than satisfied).

But even though I began to put on a disturbing amount of extra pounds with the coming of middle years, I felt that I still had a fairly youthful appearance. Stout, but stylishly stout; and, indeed, rather distinguished looking.

Then, slowly but surely, my family began to undermine my confidence.

"Where did all of his *hair* go?" I overheard one of my grandchildren whisper to his mother.

I remarked testily that I *could* wear a toupee like some other members of my family, and everyone fell over laughing. Which struck me as ironic in view of the fact that the feminine members of our household have blossomed out with a number of store-bought braids, buns, pony tails, figure-eights and curl clusters which they brazenly attach to their boyish bobs.

For some time I thought that they had grown their own. Then one day I tweeked the beflowered pony tail on my youngest daughter's head and the entire blob of hair came off in my hand. It was a pretty nerve-shattering experience, I can tell *you*. I thought I had scalped her! But just let *me* suggest a toupee and everyone has hysterics.

The fact that I wear dentures has long been a source of entertainment to my grandchildren, but obviously there was no point in concerning myself with my lack of teeth or hair because there was very little I could do about either. However, the remarks that were being made about my physique were something else.

"Daddy, you weigh entirely too much," my eldest daughter commented one day. "Why, you can't even see your own feet!"

I pointed out irritably that she couldn't see *her* feet either, practically. (The false front some of our overly flat ladies put on these days to flatter themselves!)

Now, I've always tried to be extremely careful with the amount of food I eat. I never use sugar in my coffee—always saccharin. (My wife says it doesn't do any good to use saccharin and then have two helpings of ice cream, but I figure every little bit helps.) Despite this, my weight climbed over the years until my family began to make screamingly funny remarks like, "Say, where do you have your pajamas made? Acme Tent and Awning Company?"

My wife took to reading aloud bits about the number of overweight persons who depart this world at an early age, and bits explaining the tremendous strain on the heart of pumping blood through pounds of excess fat. Frankly, these dismal bulletins shook me up.

With the medical reports and the remarks made by my married children, it got so I couldn't even eat a meal in peace, and this sort of thing can finally wear a person down.

Though I had been on numerous spasmodic dieting spells in the past, I decided the time had come to seriously consider losing weight. So I got hold of a diet sheet and a calorie counter and informed my wife that I was going on a diet. She received this news with studied indifference—due, possibly, to the fact that she had heard it before.

"I mean it this time," I said emphatically, helping myself to some more ice cream. "It's simply a matter of will power. I've made up my mind to lose 50 pounds, and I'm going to stick with it—starting first thing in the morning!"

"Well, just remember, no sneaking snacks," she admonished. "You figure that anything I don't see you eat won't make you fat."

That did it. I launched into my diet with a grim determination, and began to slowly starve before my family's eyes. I thought about food. I dreamed about food. . . .

THE FIRST interesting development of my self-imposed hunger strike was the fact that our married children did not frequent our house at mealtime as much as before. I had always thought that they visited us because of our good company, but I began to get the impression that possibly our good groceries had a lot to do with it.

"Do we have to eat cottage cheese just because *he* has to?" my son-in-law asked when he sat down to dinner with us one evening.

"If I have to eat cottage cheese, *everybody* eats cottage cheese!" I growled. As you may well surmise by that, my disposition suffered while my waistline improved.

I was surprised to notice, also, that after two weeks of dieting, even my daughter's cooking began to appeal to me. And this is especially surprising since my daughters are of the younger married generation who never use a cookbook because it always calls for unusual ingredients they don't keep on hand—flour, baking powder, vanilla and complicated things like that.

When I had lost ten pounds, I'd reached my first plateau. I could stop at that, or go on and try for 20. I decided to try for 20, for the simple reason that no one would believe that I had lost even ten pounds.

As I reached for the second plateau, everything conspired against me. The commercials on TV began to feature the most delectable goodies. I got so I could watch a studio housewife brew up an apple-pan-dowdy with the complete absorption I used to watch psychological dramas. The magazines were suddenly filled with full-color ads of tempting meals; and when I gave up reading and started taking in movies, the patrons around me chomped the most delicious-sounding popcorn. But I made it.

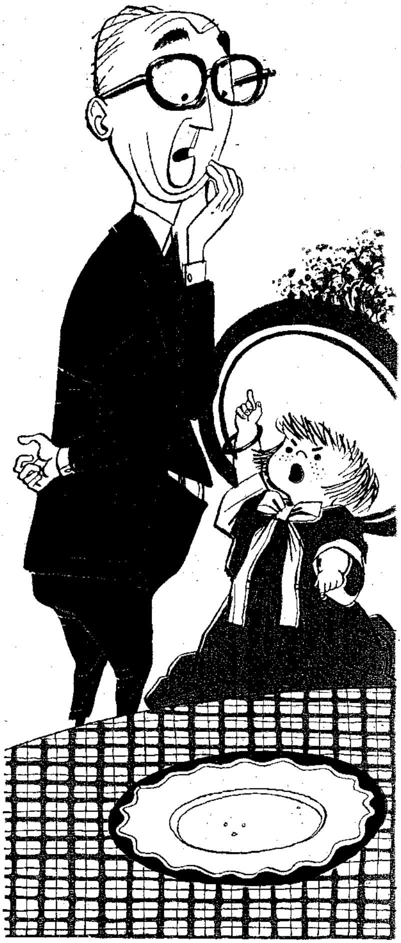
It was while I was reaching for the third plateau of 30 pounds that I faltered. (Temptation can come in the oddest forms.)

On that particular day I arrived home in the afternoon feeling very virtuous, and weak with hunger. I headed for the kitchen for a cup of black coffee and a bowl of cottage cheese to stave off the pangs until dinner—and there was a platter of sandwiches in the middle of the breakfast table. Leftovers from my wife's bridge-playing session, I figured.

Now, ordinarily, party food doesn't appeal to me. But that afternoon those sandwiches looked like a sizzling sirloin steak with crisp French fries. My self-control crumbled as I poured my cup of coffee.

Just one wouldn't hurt . . . and then I took another because they were so small. The filling was a little foreign tasting—but good. And before I could stop myself I was into them with both hands.

I had just downed the last sandwich when I was severely shaken by



an earsplitting scream from a small apparition in oversized clothes and a broad-brimmed hat who appeared suddenly behind me.

"You ate all my butter-bean sandwiches," wailed this pint-sized fury, who bore a strong resemblance to my six-year-old granddaughter in my wife's best dress.

"Well, kitten, I didn't know," I stammered guiltily. "I saw 'em on the table and . . . *butter-bean sandwiches?*"

"Yes. Grandmother told me I could have the leftover butter beans for a tea party, and I made sandwiches for my dolls," she cried. "And I'm going to tell Grandmother you ate 'em *all* up!"

"Look, kitten," I said quickly. "Here's a dime. Why don't you and your dolls trot down to the candy store and get some candy? And we won't tell Grandmother one word about it. It'll just be *our* secret."

After the tea party had retired to the candy store with the hush money—which I'd had to up to a quarter—I was crushed. But I *will* say that I was philosophical about the whole thing. I decided that we might just as well eat dinner out at the little Italian place around the corner that had such good food. We'd have spaghetti and meat balls, garlic bread, tossed salad, and maybe top it all off with pie and ice cream.

After all, I was off the diet—for the day, anyhow. No point in having cottage cheese and lamb chop for dinner.

But I'm really going to go back on my diet. And this time I'm going to stick with it. It's just a matter of will power. You have to make up your mind and follow through. And that's just what I'm going to do . . . first thing in the morning.

Spelling Bee

Each pair of words called for below is spelled with exactly the same letters. Can you find them? One or more of the letters are already in place. (Answers on page 100)

- - O - - a home and something it's built with - - O - -
- - - E a leg-and-foot covering and just a foot covering - - - E
- N - - - to join together and to separate - N - - -
- - - - L D a boy's name and a boy's name - - - - L D
D - - - T - - A a girl's name and a girl's name T - - - D - - A
- - I - bad and bad again - I - -
- - T - R - A - fatherly and fatherly-and-motherly - - R - - T A -
- A - - T - - relating to marriage and relating to war - A - T - - -
- O - in what way and what person - - O
- R - - - made an attempt and got exhausted - - R - -
- - S - the Soviet nation and its people - - S -
- - - N - an office worker and what she takes N - - - -
- O - - one musical sound and another - O - -
H - - - - what keeps a man alive and what he lives on - - - - H

GRIN
and
SHARE
IT
NMBODECKER

YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD operators using certain codes as they talk back and forth to each other in handling long distance calls. They use these codes to speed service. For example, an operator will say, "D-A," meaning the party doesn't answer; or, "B-Y," which means the number is busy.

One inventive operator, in a town that served a rural community, came up with a new code.

"The number you want is OMC," she told the operator on the other end of the line.

"What's OMC?" the confused operator asked.

"Out milking cows."

—*Telephone Lines*

MEMBERS of the Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) at Taiwan were guests of the local Chinese commander on New Year's Eve. At the stroke of midnight the Commander announced that the band was dedicating the next tune in honor of the American advisors who were so far from home helping the Republic of China. We waited expectantly, and then the band crashed out "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now."

—COLONEL A. L. HUGINS

THE USUAL GROUP OF MEN, young and old, had gathered at their accustomed Saturday meeting place at the courthouse square to discuss the weather, politics, and other topics of perennial interest.

One of the "topics of perennial interest," a sweet young thing, happened to pass by, to the obvious interest of the group.

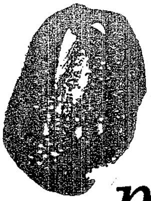
"I wonder," one of the young men pondered when the young lady had passed, "how old a man is before he loses interest in women."

"Well," quavered a wrinkled old gentleman, "it must be past 84."

—JEAN ABT

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

When a woman fails to outgrow childhood fears that sex is shameful and forbidden, her most intimate moments are often haunted by . . .



memories that inhibit married love

by John Kord Lagemann

“I ALWAYS FEEL as if someone were watching everything that goes on between my husband and me.”

That is how one wife reported the feeling of guilt and embarrassment which took all the pleasure out of marital relations. The same feeling is described again and again by wives who seek help for sexual maladjustment.

“A wife may lock the door and pull down the shades,” says psychiatrist Dr. Lena Levine, “but that doesn’t shut out the intruders who enter through her unconscious mind.”

Marriage counselors say that these ghosts account for much of the wifely behavior which husbands often put down as “frigidity.” No woman can enjoy her husband’s embraces under the gaze of disapproving witnesses. As with other kinds of ghosts, there is only one way to get rid of these intruders on marital privacy—examine them closely and find out who they are and what they are made of.

When we are young, our parents seem able to see through walls and even look into our minds. When we have been naughty, or even when we are only planning mischief, they seem to know. When they are far away, they still seem to watch over us.

Psychologists say that the voice of conscience is really the voice of parents and other authority figures who shaped our attitudes. This is because we have incorporated them as a kind of inner audience sitting in judgment over our thoughts and behavior. When we are faced with a new situation, "they" are there inside our minds to tell us what to do.

When a young woman enters into marital relations, she can hardly avoid the feeling that she is being watched by the authority figures who molded her thoughts about sex. If they are understanding and approving, they merely give her their blessings and disappear, leaving her alone with her husband.

Unfortunately, however, this kind of inward audience is the exception. In most cases, the wife has been brought up to think of sex as shameful and forbidden. Even if she has been taught the facts of sex, she is likely to be unprepared for the realities.

When she closes the door behind her, the uncomfortable feeling of being watched persists. She is afraid, as so many wives tell marriage counselors, of "making a spectacle" of herself.

Ghosts that inhibit married love are the images of authority figures carried over from childhood into adult life. They represent attitudes of fear and guilt which were originally intended to discourage the young girl from experimenting with sex and "getting into trouble."

The young bride is expected suddenly and magically to "outgrow" these feelings. When she fails to do so, the everyday realities of living with a man strike her as bizarre and outlandish and fill her with guilt. Her problem is to *convince* herself that childhood prohibitions against sex no longer apply to her.

The case histories of marriage counselors offer abundant proof that this convincing can be done without long or expensive treatment. But it is not always easy. And it requires the sympathetic cooperation of the husband.

There are several differences in the sexual development of boys and girls which make it harder for a wife than for her husband to find a natural and enjoyable means of self-expression and communication in a physical relationship. It is helpful if both husband and wife understand these differences. One of them is the greater difficulty a girl experiences in connecting her love emotions with the functioning of the sex organs.

"It is unbelievable," writes the well-known psychiatrist Dr. Helene Deutsch, "how many very modern girls still imagine during adolescence that the apertures of their bodies serve only 'dirty' purposes and have nothing to do with love."

Boys, on the other hand, generally learn quickly to associate love feelings with genital excitement.

The way a woman feels about her sex organs has an important bearing on the way she feels about married love. For in marriage the woman with contradictory feelings about her body is faced with the alternatives of debasing herself to the status of a concubine or putting herself on a pedestal and making herself unattainable.

If her husband is a normal healthy male he will want to express his love physically. It is hard for him to realize that for his wife this may represent a threat to her self-esteem. After all, he cannot see the ghosts who are giving her the same kind of warnings she got as an adolescent girl before going on a date: "One slip can ruin your whole life. Men want just one thing, and when they get it they despise you."

Most of this motherly advice is well-intentioned. But very often it backfires. Girls can easily become so frightened of adult responsibilities that they are anxious about everything they do, until assured by the mother, or a mother substitute, that it is all right.

Whether it is a question of picking a new hat, disciplining the children, rearranging the living room, or deciding when to say yes or no to an amorous husband, such women ask themselves, "What will people think? What would Mother do?"

Boys also identify with the parent of the same sex. But their identification with the father is much less inhibiting than identification with the mother. Because of the greater freedom and self-reliance encouraged in boys, the identification is more easily modified or broken off as adulthood approaches.

Both boys and girls also identify with nonparental models after whom they try to pattern their behavior. The examples set by a boy's father or some other hero—an explorer, a scientist, a baseball player—usually do not discourage an interest in sex.

But in her mother and other women who serve as behavior models for a girl, sensuality is likely to be almost unthinkable. The entertainment figures with whom some girls identify are hardly more satisfactory as models, since the example they set is not how to enjoy sex but how to use it to attain other goals.

If the average man happened to think of his father or some other hero during his most intimate moments with his wife, he would be fairly sure of understanding and approval. But when the average wife thinks of her mother or heroine under the same circumstances, the most she can hope for is forgiveness. It is very hard for her to imagine her mother behaving in the fashion her husband seems to expect of her. It is equally hard for her to imagine her father making any such demands on her mother.

AN OLD REFRAIN goes like this:

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
"Hang your clothes on a hickory stick
"But don't go near the water."

In most cases, the young woman's preparation for sex is just as contradictory as the warning in this old song. Even after she is safely married, the ghosts repeat the old refrain: "But don't go near the water."

In her talks with young married couples who come to her for help with problems of sexual adjustment, Dr. Rebecca Liswood, Executive Director of the Marriage Counseling Service of Greater New York, says, "I encourage them to talk out their fears in advance and see for themselves how unreasonable they are. Maybe they're still afraid, but they have the facts to hang on to.

"If they fail the first few times in making a physical adjustment, I make them see how important it is to correct their mistakes while they're fresh in their minds—and before they have time to magnify them."

As a way of dispelling fears, Dr. Liswood stresses the value of frank discussions between husband and wife. "Young couples are often afraid of taking the romance out of sex by talking about it," she says. "Actually, the realities of sex are a much sounder foundation for a happy marriage than illusions about sex. To help them laugh off their fears and embarrassment, I encourage them to discuss their thoughts and feelings, guide each other in giving the greatest satisfaction, and exchange recollections of their early sex upbringing."

It is hard for a husband not to feel angry and disappointed when the excitement and happiness he hopes to share with his wife has the effect of making her feel miserable. He feels that this is her response to *him*. He does not know about the ghostly guardians who sit in judgment over her sex conduct. She cannot explain that her very identity as a person depends on her resisting her sexual impulses as she has been conditioned to resist them from childhood.

A wife's aversion to sex does not necessarily mean that she has some

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deep-seated personality disturbance requiring psychiatric treatment. Unless her aversion is part of a whole pattern of neurotic behavior, all she usually needs is to be patiently assured and reassured that sexual enjoyment is the expected and conventional thing in a married woman.

Social acceptability means a great deal to the average woman. If it's not "the thing to do," she will turn away from it with indifference or disgust. One year she will wear a hat with a brim covering her eyes and think it is the most attractive thing she has ever owned. The next year, she wouldn't be caught dead in it. It's the same hat, but the style has changed.

Social acceptability also has a powerful effect on a woman's attitude toward sex. It is a form of permission as well as compulsion. If, during childhood, she gets the idea that sex is something that nice people do not indulge in, she is apt to consider it shameful and undignified later on. But if the same woman is later convinced that "the best people" think highly of it, she will accept it.

Often the wife is able to transfer her dependence on childhood authority figures to the doctor or counselor. From them she gradually gains reassurance that sex enjoyment is not only permissible but desirable. Her feelings of guilt and shame begin to appear out of place. The image of the doctor, if it occurs to her during marital intimacies, is benign and approving. Gradually this image, too, disappears, and she is on her own.

Fear and ignorance of what is happening in the woman's body often make sex difficult and painful for her. A number of recent studies show that a large majority of wives who received sex instruction before marriage regularly experience full satisfaction, while only a small minority of uninstructed wives do so.

Sex education for both men and women has come a long way in recent years. Today almost every young woman has access to information on the physiology of sex. But when a woman is about to be married she also needs guidance in learning the physical aspects of love.

One of the commonest misconceptions about marriage is that "sex will take care of itself." That is true of most of the lower animals. They mate when nature dictates. But the sex behavior of human beings is entirely different. For satisfactory performance, they depend on learning.

It isn't always easy. But there are few sex problems a wife and her husband can't solve together if they are both so intent on pleasing each other that no outsider can invade their thoughts.

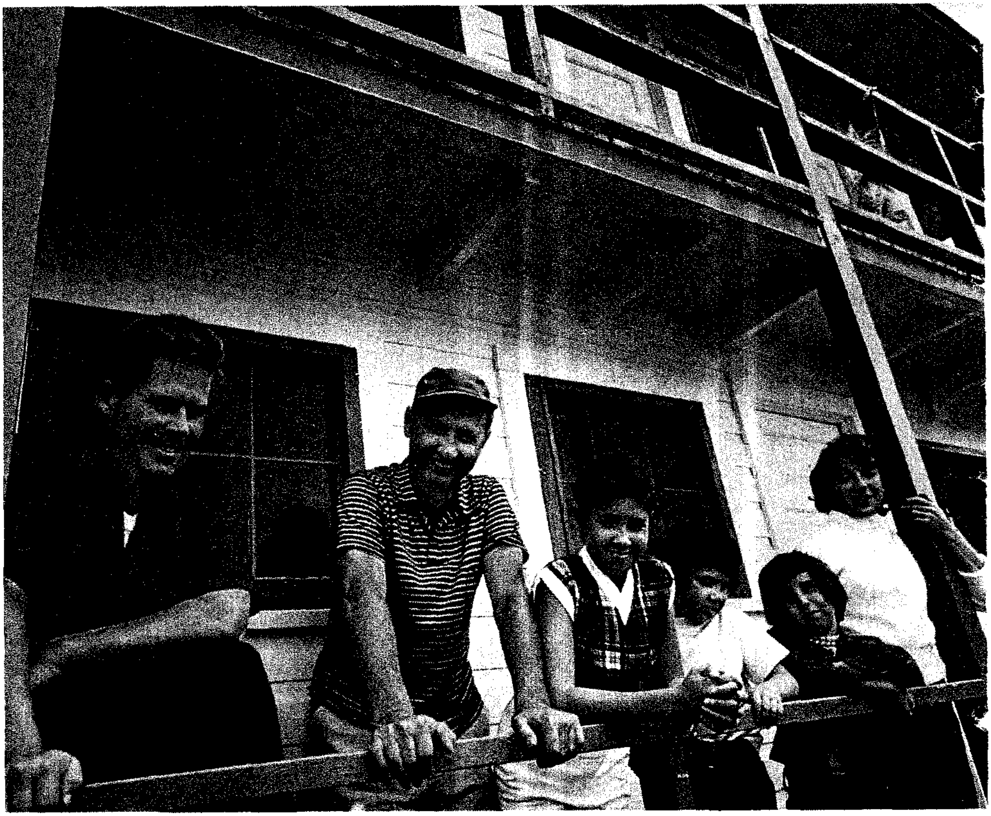
Summery Summary

MOTH: A perverse creature that spends the summer in a fur coat and the winter in a bathing suit. —EVAN ESAR

SHORT VACATION: Half a loaf. —VESTA M. KELLY

AWAY FROM I

In the northwoods wilderness of Minnesota, lakes, a physician and his family find summ relaxation and adventure adrift in a house . . . a memorable back-to-nature vacation, a in the photo album on the following pages.



We're off! Taking a final look at shore—Captain Jim, Merny, Karen, Stephanie, Lauren and me!

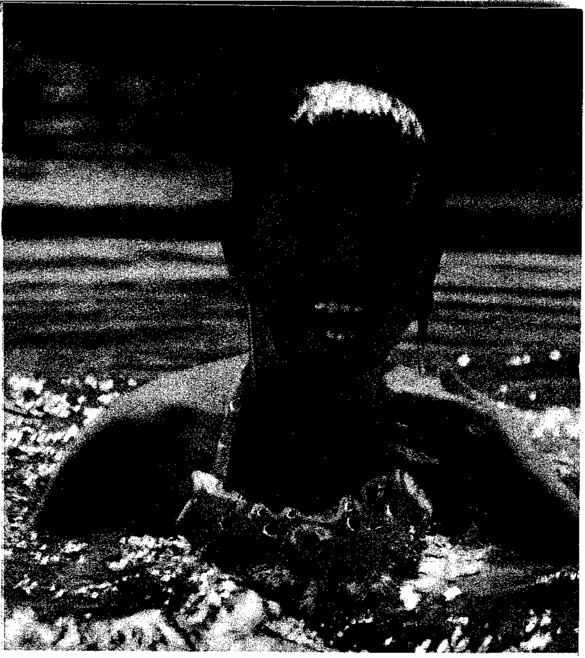
The Indians named Minnesota—"sky-blue water"—accurately. With 25,000 miles of rivers and streams (exclusive of lakes), outdoor life is focused on water sports—skiing, swimming, fishing and boating.

Dr. Merny Laster of Freeport, Long Island, his wife Miriam and their three daughters prefer lake holidays. An eye-catching circular lured them to Ely, where they chartered a houseboat (weekly rate: $120 per adult) from proprietor Jake Pete.

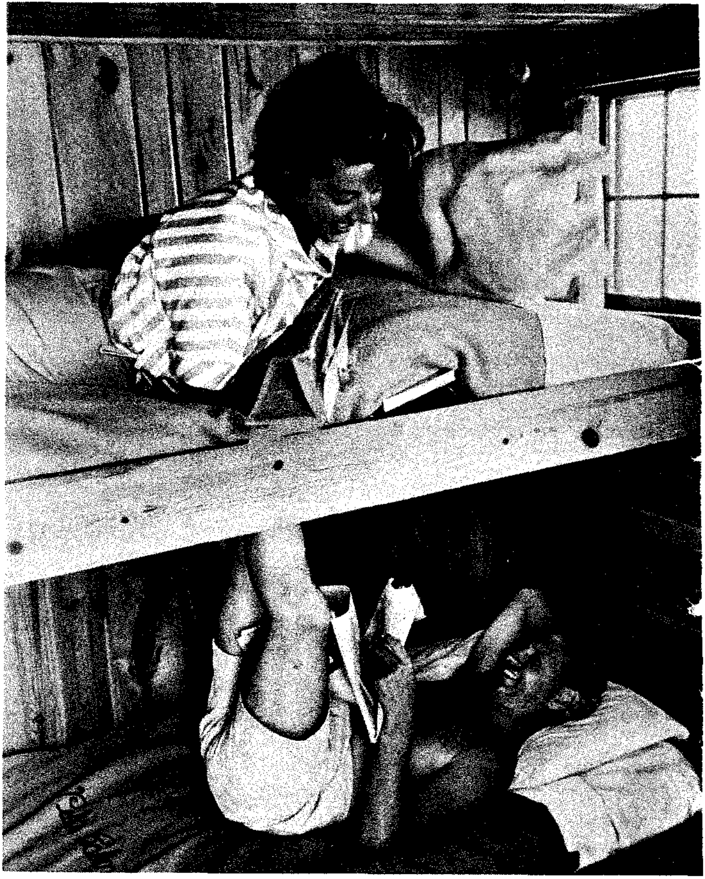
With a crew of two—Jim Pete as captain-guide and Al, an ex-Army cook—the Lasters embarked on a unique ten-day vacation, enhanced by ever-changing scenery. Miriam kept a picture diary. And her enthusiastic comments tell their own story.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Laurie, eight, couldn't wait to plunge into the clear, cold water every morning. It sure warmed up her appetite!



Steffie, ten, imaginatively measures her first catch— a walleyed pike— while Jim holds it. After we pan fried it we had to restrain her from eating bones and all.

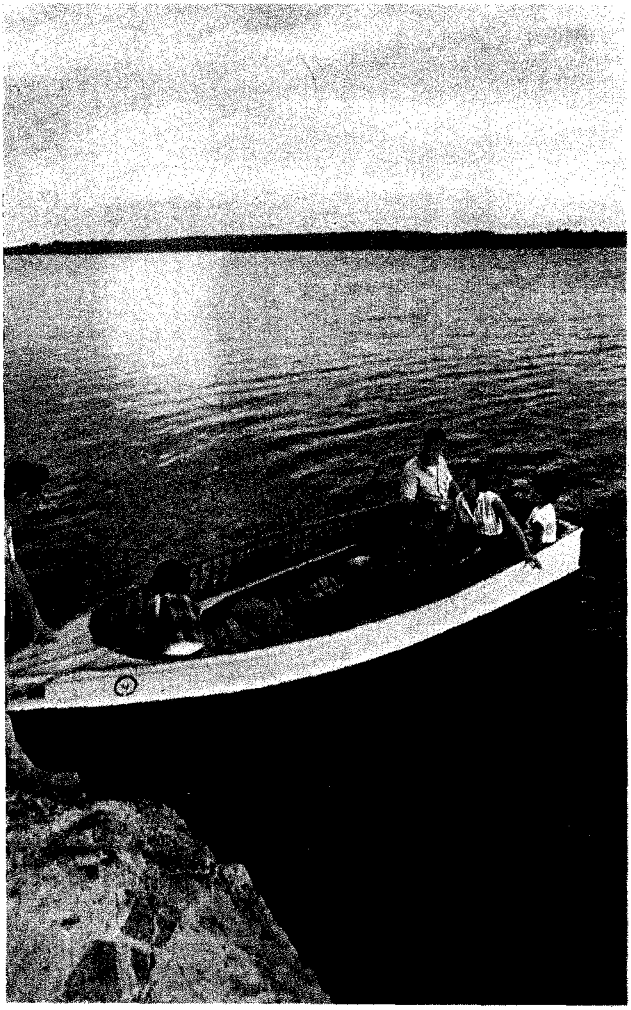


During the children's afternoon rest periods, we relaxed too. I read "War and Peace" in a week (a lifetime project for most people). Merny kept up with the newspapers.

Morning ablutions began on deck at 7 AM. Then we stowed away mountains of blueberry flapjacks, bacon, ham, eggs, fruit juice and lots of coffee.

To protect the children at night against possible sleepwalking into the lake, we tied a rope from their doorknobs to the rail.

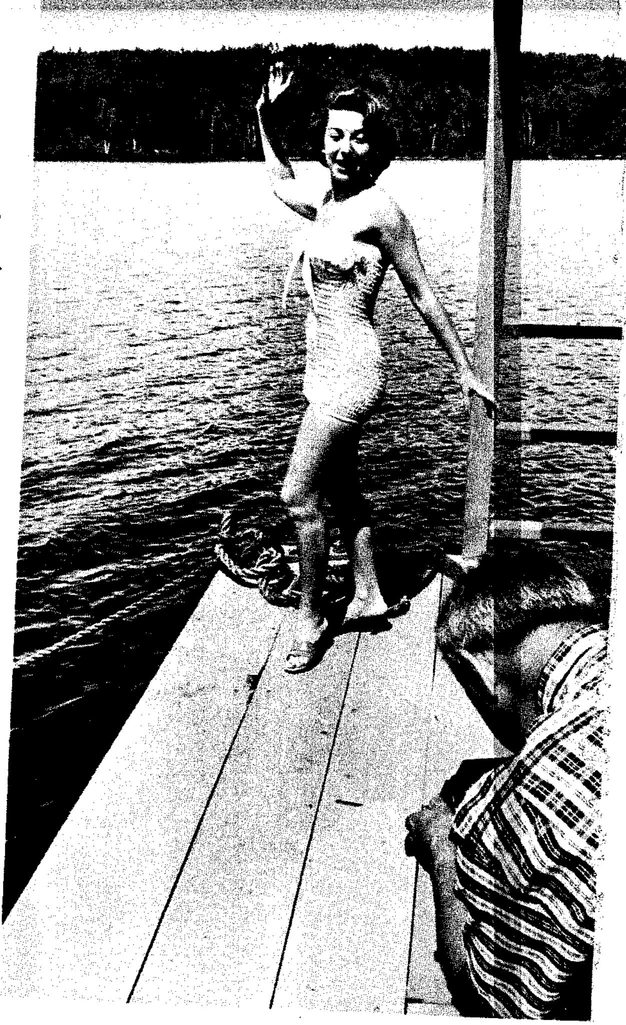
One day we went on a picnic.
We took our small outboard
motorboat to a nearby island–



-where Jim cooked the fish we had caught over an open fire. Hmm, those bass were a gastronomic symphony!

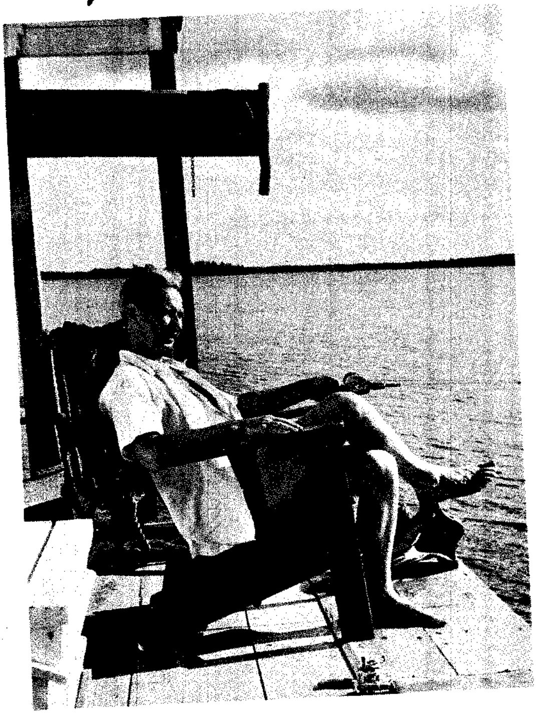
-and then we went exploring. Jim showed us an Indian burial ground, and afterwards we picked wild blueberries for tomorrow's flapjacks.

I had taken along a sequin-spangled white lace swimsuit as a gag, and Merny insisted on my posing artistically against the background of Basswood Lake — but I couldn't resist a little clowning...

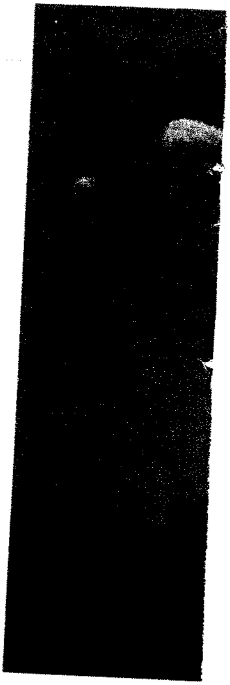


Here I could always sneak into the small boat trailing behind for some quiet sunbathing... Temperatures stayed in the high 70's.

Merny, unwinding from his hectic work, always had a fishing rod by his side.

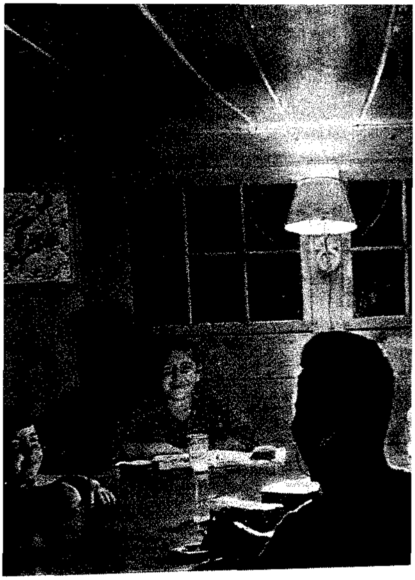


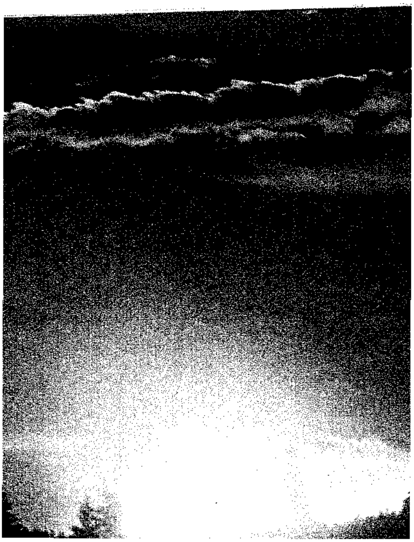
Karen, 12, whose ambition is to be a ballet dancer, practices a few steps while having a snack.



At night we would sit on the stern deck and watch the sun go down. We never knew such peace and quiet. And, at the end of this vacation, we all felt we knew each other a lot better. We spent most of our time doing things together and, late at night, listening to Jim tell tall tales. The children are already clamoring to come back next summer.

Love,
Miriam





The world's wackiest

by BERNARD ROSHCO

TWICE EACH YEAR, the oldest, weirdest and crookedest horse race in the world is run in Siena, a town in central Italy that looks as if it had been lifted out of the Middle Ages. The stake in these races, called Palios, is always the same: a large silk banner on which is a hand-painted picture of the Virgin. To win this rectangle of cloth, worth a few dollars, a fortune is often spent on bribes.

According to informed sources, the backers of last year's Palio winner paid out approximately $24,000 in bribes. Part of this money went to rival jockeys, to induce them to hold back their mounts and gang up on riders who couldn't be bribed. Large sums also were paid to the backers of a number of other entries, so they would cooperate and not try to win by countering with bribes of their own.

The Palio is not only the most dishonest of all horse races, but also the oldest and one of the most colorful and dangerous. It dates back to the 13th century and the system under which it is run today was established in 1659.

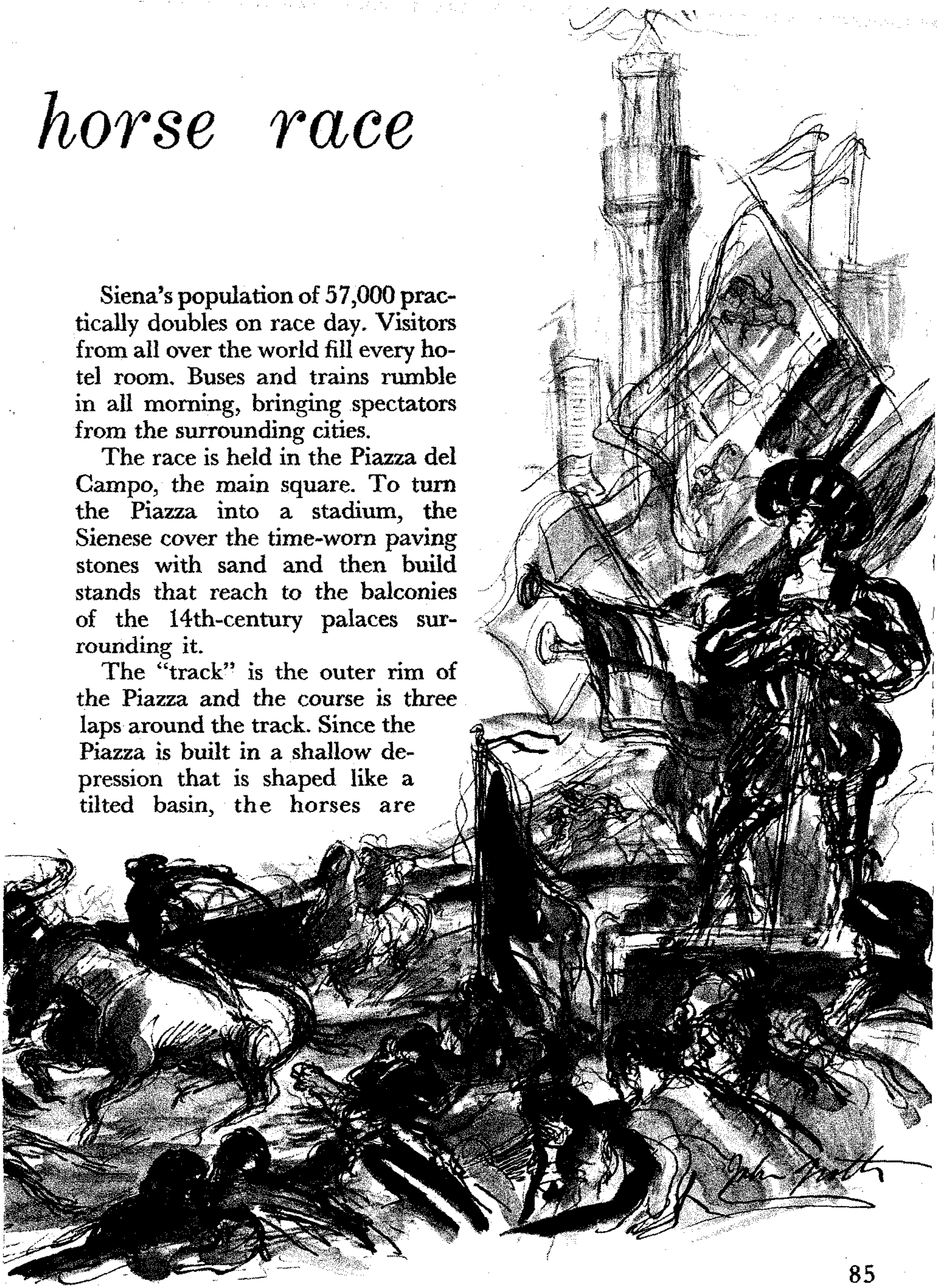
Considering the tactics employed, it is startling to learn that Palios celebrate Siena's two most important holy days. The August 16th event is run in honor of the Feast of the Assumption, and was begun in 1261. The Palio of July 2, honoring the Feast of Our Lady of Provenzano, dates back to the 16th century.

horse race

Siena's population of 57,000 practically doubles on race day. Visitors from all over the world fill every hotel room. Buses and trains rumble in all morning, bringing spectators from the surrounding cities.

The race is held in the Piazza del Campo, the main square. To turn the Piazza into a stadium, the Sienese cover the time-worn paving stones with sand and then build stands that reach to the balconies of the 14th-century palaces surrounding it.

The "track" is the outer rim of the Piazza and the course is three laps around the track. Since the Piazza is built in a shallow depression that is shaped like a tilted basin, the horses are



forced to run up and down hill.

The town of Siena is divided into districts called contrade, and each horse represents a different contrada. Bitter rivalry between the contrade has always been the outstanding feature of Sienese life and winning this race is considered a deadly serious matter.

Siena is now divided into 17 contrade. They are named Turtle, Snail, Forest, Eagle, Wave, Panther, Ram, Tower, Unicorn, Owl, Shell, Dragon, Goose, Giraffe, Caterpillar, Wolf and Porcupine. Almost all entered a horse until July, 1720, when two spectators were killed. Since then, only ten compete each time in a rotation system.

EVERY CONTRADA has its own traditional colors. The Panthers, whose colors are red, white and blue, are therefore known as the "contrada Americana." GIs flocking into Siena in 1945 for the first postwar race supplied much of the financial support that helped the Panthers win that year. The most recent Palio was won by the Porcupines.

One week before the race, 15 to 20 horses, with numbers painted on their rumps, are tested in trial heats. The animals are loaned by owners who want the glory of owning a Palio winner. The rest of the year they earn their oats pulling cabs, carts or farm wagons. After observing the tests carefully, the contrade captains agree on the ten horses that are most evenly matched.

The next step is to assign each horse to a contrada. While the whole town watches, a drawing is solemnly conducted on the steps of the city hall. This is usually the last honest act of Palio week. From then on, the contrade are at war.

If a contrada decides to go all out to win, it leaves as little as possible to luck. It will raise money, hire a top-flight rider and buy off as many competitors as possible. Some riders are native Sienese, but most come from ranches in the surrounding area.

The most unusual jockey was a peasant girl named Virginia who once rode for the Dragons. All through that Palio week, young Sienese gallants were writing poems in her honor and proposing marriage. Chivalry, however, has no place in the race itself and the Wave entry won with a male rider.

Both jockey and horse are guarded 24 hours a day, for horses have been tampered with and a contrada whose horse has been injured is not allowed to substitute a new mount.

As for the jockey, the contrada is not only protecting its employee, but also itself. An unscrupulous jockey may make his deals and the contrada captain does his best to make sure he's the only one who does any fixing. Guards are also corruptible, however, and rivals may bribe the jockey without the contrada captain's knowledge. As a result, nobody is ever quite sure who is getting paid off by whom.

During the week between the assignment of horses and the race, practice heats are run in the Piazza twice each day to give horses and riders a chance to get used to the course and to each other.

The final deals are arranged the last night before the race. Not only must the contrada that lends its support be paid, but their jockey also gets a fee. In return, he will do everything in his power to help the paying contrada win.

At three o'clock on Palio day, the residents of each contrada go to their own church—and take their horse along. While everybody prays for victory, the horse is sprinkled with holy water and blessed. This ceremony completed, the parade is ready to begin.

All the contrade, including those not in the race, take part. Dressed in medieval costumes, the paraders from each contrada come marching down the winding streets, all heading for the Piazza. Every contrada marches with its float, its drummers, and its alfieri—the famous flag-wavers.

The paraders from every contrada march around the Piazza and then pause in front of the cathedral steps while their alfieri perform in pairs. Each alfieri unfurls two large silk banners mounted on wooden staffs. Then begins a spectacular exhibition of flag-twirling as the alfieri display the talents they developed since boyhood. Each pair tries to outdo the others and a prize is awarded the best team.

The procession lasts for hours and often it is seven o'clock before the race's starter arrives, surrounded by a troop of policemen. Often he is guarded for three or four days after a race, to protect him from losers who may decide to take out their frustration on him.

The jockeys put on thick canvas jackets, some also don metal helmets, then the judges hand each rider his nerbo, the long Palio riding whip made of twisted and hardened ox sinew. It is held by the thin end, so the handle can be used on opponents.

In the old days, a jockey often used his nerbo to entangle and dismount other riders. This is now forbidden, but jockeys can still beat each other and they often carry whip scars for months after a race.

A rope is drawn across the starting line. The jockeys, who ride bareback, begin beating each other with their nerbi as soon as they line up for the start.

In one Palio, the Wolves were heavy favorites. The Giraffes and Panthers, however, were allied to prevent a Wolf victory. Their jockeys dismounted at the starting line and used their nerbi to beat the Wolf jockey senseless.

Without bothering whether all the horses are in place or not, the starter touches a torch to a cage filled with powder. There is a roar, the rope drops, and they're off. Sometimes jockeys are so busy slugging each other that they are left at the post.

Experienced Palio horses start with a leap, clearing the rope before it hits the ground. The crowd's shouts, jeers and screams fill the Piazza as the horses circle the track.

Not only does the course go up and down hill, but there are also right-angle turns on two sides. These are lined with mattresses and more than one jockey owes his life to the padding. At one downhill corner, horses sometimes fail to make the sharp turn and go dashing out of the square down the Via San Martino. "To go to San Martino" has long been the Sienese way of saying that somebody took the wrong turn.

The first horse across the finish line wins—even if it has no rider. In July, 1947, a horse named Duchesse Salome came in first all by herself.

In another race, the Elephant and Ram entries were leading as they came around the treacherous San Martino turn. A lady from the Elephant contrada reached out from the crowd and pulled the Ram jockey from his horse. He waited until the Tower entry rounded the turn again and pulled down the jockey. The riderless horses finished the race and the Elephant mount won.

On one occasion a rider purposely fell. This was arranged by an ingenious contrada whose horse knew the course thoroughly and had learned every trick of the race. But it was too old to do three laps at a fast pace with a jockey on its back. So the contrada designed a cardboard harness carefully made up to look like leather, and instructed its rider to topple at the first opportunity.

As the riderless veteran scooted around the Piazza, one jockey after another grabbed for the reins, which tore as soon as they were seized. Without a rider to weigh it down, the old horse won.

Weeks of preparation and centuries of tradition precede each Palio, but the race itself is over in a few minutes. As soon as the first horse crosses the finish line, police surround the winning jockey to protect him from outraged losers. The winning contrada surges forward to take possession of the banner. With this precious trophy held high, they jubilantly march home.

That night there is a victory banquet. Then the victors parade through the streets, taunting their disappointed rivals over their defeat. The losers sally out to counterattack and a round of fist fights signals the end of another Palio.

What happens in Siena during Palio week is best described by a story the Sienese tell on themselves. In the early 19th century, a delegation from the city petitioned Duke Leopold V of Austria, ruler of the province, for money to build an insane asylum. His answer was brief:

"You don't need an asylum. Just go home and lock the gates."

Courteous Commission

An eminent specialist who devoted much of his time to charity work in clinics was surprised to have a bewhiskered old gentleman ushered into his Park Avenue consultation room one day.

"Remember me, Doctor?" asked the man. "You treated me over at the clinic. Well, I've been left a little money and I guess I can afford my own doctor now."

"But what made you come to me?" the physician wanted to know. "I wasn't the only doctor who treated you at the clinic."

"I know," the old man said quietly, "but you were the only one who helped me with my coat." —*Executive Review*

The Diet That Saves Teeth

by Flora Rheta Schreiber

A 17-YEAR-OLD BOY had 20 tooth surfaces which had been filled or needed filling. But not a single cavity developed in the three years that followed.

A four-year-old girl had so many cavities her dentist gloomily predicted that, if the rate of loss continued, she would lose half her permanent teeth before she reached her teens. But far from developing cavities at the old wildfire rate, she developed no new cavities at all. At 13, she had a set of fine, healthy teeth—completely free of fillings.

This can happen to you, too. It can happen because of a simple and effective technique for saving teeth which has worked for people of both sexes, of all ages. It has worked for those with teeth in every conceivable state of decay.

This technique, when properly applied, can mean that you sharply reduce the number of cavities and save teeth—through middle and even old age—that you might otherwise lose due to tooth decay.

"Since I started this technique with my patients, I just haven't done any fillings," says Dr. Louis B. Kelsten, Chief of the Pedodontic Section of the Dental Clinic at the Beth Israel Hospital in Newark. "After going through this treatment, children with as many as 12 cavities a year have had no new cavities after three years. It sounds amazing. And it is. But it is something that too few dentists make use of; that too few people know anything about."

The treatment is an extremely successful yet very simple diet that wages a direct attack on the acknowledged villain in the story of tooth decay—carbohydrates (refined sugars and starches).

That carbohydrates are a direct cause of caries (tooth decay) has been shown again and again. People, for instance, who live in primitive societies and eat little of these foods have many fewer cavities than we do. So, too, are fewer cavities developed by children in orphanages, for these children receive less sweets than others.

By reducing one's consumption of carbohydrates to three-and-a-half ounces a day for some six or seven weeks, the diet prescribed in the treatment makes it possible for many thousands of people to lick their tooth decay problem—even though, when the temporary diet is over, they have returned to normal food habits.

The remarkable thing about this special diet is that it makes it possible to stop cavities that are about to form in your mouth *before* they occur and that, having done so, it usually provides long-time immunity.

THE DIET involves temporarily cutting out such things as refined sugars and starches—the obvious ice-cream soda with whipped cream and the Nesselrode pie. It also involves taking less fruit, fruit juice and vegetables. But you can have all the proteins you want—fish, cheese and poultry.

You will find out whether or not you need this diet by having a test of your saliva, a test known as a lactobacillus count.

If cavities are forming, your saliva holds the clue. For it contains many lactobacillus microorganisms —bacteria that are associated with decay. If no cavities are forming, your saliva contains few such organisms. The count, therefore, in all but a few freak cases, makes it possible to predict accurately whether or not you will have cavities within the next 90 days.

You have your count taken at a caries control laboratory. Your dentist must apply to the laboratory for you. The best-known of these laboratories are those connected with certain universities and state health departments, which are accessible to every dentist.

Upon receiving your dentist's application, the laboratory sends you two kits for collecting saliva. The procedure is very simple, and the fees charged are low. The laboratory that examines the sample of your saliva also prescribes and supervises your diet.

The diets are all low carbohydrate (*no* concentrated sweets), high protein diets. They are followed for six to seven weeks and checked chiefly by the lactobacillus counts to see if the patient is cooperating. They are to be carried on only until the bacterial count has been reduced to a low number.

The diet is in three stages. During the first two weeks, you can have almost no sugar or starch. This means no bread, no potatoes, no peas, no frozen fruits. During the second two weeks, sugar continues to be restricted, but you can have some starch and flour. This means that whole-wheat bread, some kinds of crackers, unsweetened rolls and potatoes are back in your diet. During the final two weeks you will be able to have sugar at one meal a day.

The laboratory provides you with menus and food-value charts. These charts have been carefully prepared by leading dental researchers in collaboration with the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council to give you the proteins and calories that you require. And so menus are prepared to meet the varied caloric needs of different people.

For instance, a man between 29 and 59, who is moderately active, requires 3,000 calories a day. For him, the laboratory at the University of Michigan has provided these sample menus to be followed for the first two weeks of this special diet:

breakfast

1 orange
2 fried eggs
1 cup puffed wheat
½ cup whipping cream

lunch

6 ounces (2) pork chops
½ cup green beans
½ cup tomatoes
½ banana
¼ cup whipping cream
1 glass milk

dinner

8 ounces roast beef
½ cup carrots
tossed green salad
1 tablespoon mayonnaise
½ cup applesauce
¼ cup whipping cream
1 glass milk

Two tablespoons of butter or fortified margarine are to be used in food preparation.

These diets offer considerable variety and are as easy to prepare as your normal diet. Most people report that they felt better, physically, during the diet. This is not surprising because these diets, with their concentration on proteins and meat, are similar to diets given athletes in training.

People often feel edgy and irritable, however, during the diet. They are used to nibbling between meals, and now they are not supposed to. So if you are a nibbler you should change the nibbling habit from sweets to raw vegetables, a wedge of Swiss cheese, or a piece of leftover meat.

The immediate purpose of the diet is to bring the lactobacillus count down to the nondanger zone. But even after it is way down, perhaps even to zero, the laboratory follows you with periodic counts for at least two years after you have completed your dieting. Every three or six months—depending upon whether the count remains consistently low or shows a tendency to rise a little—you will receive the kit for a new test of your saliva.

The diets are particularly important for children, just before and just after cutting their first and second teeth. Bad care of the first teeth may lead to early loss and poor position of the second teeth. Sometimes, however, the recommended diet may not work in certain kinds of thyroid conditions.

This highly effective technique, though little-known, is not actually new. It grew out of studies conducted at the University of Michigan between 1930 and 1935. These studies proved conclusively that tooth decay can be controlled and cavities prevented by a temporary diet.

In 1940, Dr. Philip Jay, a leading researcher in the Michigan studies, established at Michigan the first laboratory to take lactobacillus counts and to prescribe diets for preventing tooth decay. The results were amazing. Putting it conservatively, Dr. Jay says, "We have had marked success with many thousands of patients."

Says the American Dental Association: "There is no question concerning the scientific integrity of the University of Michigan investigators. The reliability of their studies is, perhaps, best demonstrated by indicating their substantial agreement with similar work carried on by experienced researchers at the University of California, Ohio State University and the University of Pennsylvania."

Why, then, is this proved technique, which is recognized by the country's leading dental organizations, not in greater use?

Dr. Robert G. Kesel of the University of Illinois, one of the leading researchers in preventive dentistry, states that "the majority of the teeth now lost before middle age can be saved in the future population of this country . . . But I am not as optimistic . . . as you might believe. I am not optimistic because of public inertia, lack of well-organized child-care programs and insufficient dental personnel."

Dr. Ned B. Williams of the University of Pennsylvania points to another obstacle—dentists themselves. "While 43 per cent of all dentists," says Dr. Williams, "send specimens of saliva to the laboratories, most of them do so only after decay has damaged many of the teeth . . ." The busy dentist, according to Dr. Williams, rarely has time for this phase of prevention.

It is up to you, then, to *ask* your dentist about this diet. For it was because some dentists took the time that, by dieting for six or seven weeks, many thousands of people have been able to resume a normal diet and yet continue to be free of cavities. It is because some dentists took the time that even those unfortunates who used to have as many as 15 per cent cavities a year before going on the diet now either get no cavities at all or have a mere one or two occasionally.

But the diet is a success only if *you* make it that. It has worked worst with teen-agers because they have proved least cooperative; best with children under five, who, of all groups, have been most cooperative.

This diet, like any other, is not easy—particularly during the first two weeks when you must avoid practically all sugar and starches. The next four or five weeks are not as bad, however. And, even if they were, a six- or seven-week diet seems a very small price to pay for a future free of cavities.

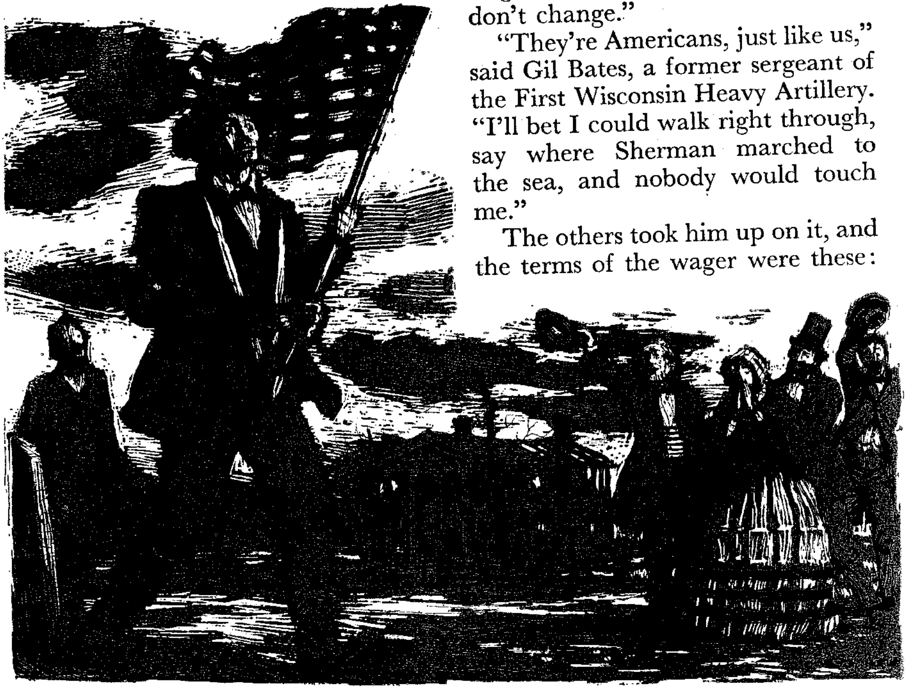
Spotlight on Sports

(*Answers to quiz on page 49*)

1. a. center field; 2. c. Lawrence; 3. b. Zoe Ann Olsen; 4. b. baseball; 5. b. Marion Ladewig; 6. c. Babe Didrikson Zaharias; 7. a. cowhide; 8. b. 2 under par; 9. b. 0; 10. b. gymnastics; 11. c. 2 (Tunney and Marciano); 12. a. 15; 13. c. shot putting; 14. a. archery; 15. b. hockey; 16. a. Eleanor Holm; 17. c. Christiania.

The Odyssey of Sergeant Bates

by LAWRENCE and SYLVIA MARTIN



On a cold day in November, two and one-half years after the Confederacy had collapsed at Appomattox, four Yankee veterans sat arguing around the stove in the general store in Edgerton, Wisconsin. That argument led to a strange bet—and the most sensational walk any man ever took through American history.

In those bitter postwar days, the triumphant North was split. On one side were those who felt, like incumbent President Andrew Johnson, that all should be forgiven and forgotten. The other side, the haters, demanded vengeance through "get tough" policies, and threatened to impeach the President.

"We licked 'em, but has that changed 'em any?" argued the Edgerton storekeeper. "Traitors don't change."

"They're Americans, just like us," said Gil Bates, a former sergeant of the First Wisconsin Heavy Artillery. "I'll bet I could walk right through, say where Sherman marched to the sea, and nobody would touch me."

The others took him up on it, and the terms of the wager were these:

Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates engages to walk from Vicksburg, Mississippi, to Washington, D. C., carrying the Union flag unfurled; to go unarmed and without bodyguard; to carry no money and accept none, but live off Southern hospitality, to start in January and finish, at the latest, by the following Fourth of July.

In the middle of January, 1868, the sergeant left on what his friends regarded as attempted suicide. Everybody knew that Johnny Reb had plenty of reason to hate the Yank. The South was devastated, parts of it close to famine.

For his friendly invasion of the South, Bates wore rough farmer's clothes. He was 30, square-shouldered, dark-haired, with deep-set blue-grey eyes and a natural courtesy of manner.

On the train for Vicksburg his seat-mate, a traveling salesman from Kentucky, inquired his business. Bates told him. He actually could give no clear idea of his purpose, which was nothing less than to prove the brotherhood of man, but his eyes shone with obvious honesty and faith.

At Vicksburg, the drummer insisted on putting the sergeant up at the Prentiss House. Being well known in the city, he did more. Bates had hardly washed up when the mayor and a committee of prominent citizens came calling.

Vicksburg took over Gil and his cause. The mayor gave him an official dinner. A group of young bloods had a velvet walking suit made to order for him—to his embarrassment. When he appeared on the streets he was cheered, his hand wrung.

To replace his tattered regimental flag, a delegation of ladies presented him with a fine new silk Star Spangled Banner they had sewed for him themselves. Tears came to his eyes as he accepted it. For the hands that had made it had only a short time before been sewing the Stars and Bars.

His departure for Jackson was a triumphal procession led by the mayor and councilmen on horseback. Next came a brass band, then Bates with his new flag, then people in carriages, then people on foot.

At the city limits he was cheered, his hand shaken, his back pounded. He waved his flag and started out, alone with the South now.

At three o'clock he reached the village of Bovina. The weather was raw and damp, with snow falling. The closed, blank houses looked hostile. The only person about was a stern, angry-seeming old gentleman who demanded to know what he was up to, carrying the Union flag.

When Bates told him, the old gentleman took off his overcoat without a word, draped it over the sergeant's shoulders, stepped back, saluted, and marched off. Bates called after him. The old man wheeled, saluted again, turned a corner and disappeared.

At dark, Bates approached a ruined plantation house. Its owner came to the door and the sergeant found himself propelled inside, to tell his story over a brandy beside a roaring fire.

"You must stay the night," said Mr. Cordevent of Kidd's Plantation.

"I apologize for the bareness of my hospitality. My broken windows and wrecked furniture are Northern improvements. No offense meant, suh. We'd have done the same to you if we'd had the chance."

Bates went on his way the next morning, warmed inside by Southern food and outside by a Southern overcoat. The snow had turned to cold rain. The roads were mud bogs and he took to the railroad tracks.

Some four miles from Smith Station, a train came to a stop beside him. The passengers swarmed out to shake his hand. They knew from Vicksburg the story of the crazy Yank with the Stars and Stripes.

Many offered money, which Bates refused. But as the train started, the conductor thrust some bills into his pocket, saying they were for postage stamps for letters back home—to tell the North that Southerners were "all-fired Americans."

At Edwards' Station, a cheering crowd welcomed him. In the midst of it, suddenly, Bates began to laugh. When he could stop, finally, he told how well-meaning friends in Wisconsin had warned him he would never come back alive, that the Southerners would cut out his heart and trample it on the flag. Men stamped and howled, and in laughter he set out again.

Jackson made Sergeant Bates the city's honored guest. He was warmly welcomed at the Capitol and forced to make a speech about his mission of American brotherhood. In an impromptu ceremony, he waved his flag from the balcony.

At a lonesome spot called Hickory, exhausted, rain-sodden, Bates stopped for the night at the home of a Mr. Gray. His much-shaken hand, arm and shoulder were giving him pain, his feet were chafed, and the 12-pound flag needed drying out.

In the dead of night, he was wakened by the sound of many voices. He started up in alarm, and went to the window. In the light of torches, he made out about 50 men who shouted when they saw him. It sounded menacing—until he heard the gay music of "Arkansas Traveler" squealingly performed by a dozen fiddles.

He went out. The rain had stopped. He saw that the men had brought a keg of whiskey. "Some of us has come 40 miles to see you, Sarge," said one of them, handing him a tin cup full to the brim. "Here's to the flag." Bates sang and jigged with them until nearly daylight.

He took to the road again, feeling no weight at all in the flag he carried. At Meridian, he was paraded through the streets in an open carriage, his flag unfurled, while Southern belles waved their kerchiefs and blew kisses.

Suddenly a tipsy veteran—still wearing his battered butternut uniform—ran out into the street and halted the carriage. But instead of the expected shot, the man cried, "Sir, I was a rebel once, and fought you Yanks. But we got whipped, and we say that the old flag is all right now, and I'll lick hell out of any man that dares to insult it or you."

So it went on, this odyssey of a soldier passionately attached to his flag—as a symbol not of conquest but of peace.

At White Hall Plantation, while he was sleeping, the ladies decorated his banner with laurel wreaths. It was St. Valentine's day. On the road from Sparta he was ambushed—by a picnic party of children, school having been recessed to make him welcome. Farther on he was ambushed again, this time by 20 ladies who had been waiting for him, with a dinner all prepared.

Informed of a dying rebel captain who wanted to see him, Bates left his route for the first time. He left the road again when a woodchopper begged him to visit the grave of his brother, killed in the war. They prayed there together.

"Joyful multitudes everywhere hail his advance as though it were the advance of an Emperor," commented a *New York Times* editorial describing his progress. Gilbert Bates had proved that the Southern heart was sound; and the professional haters must certainly realize it by now.

In Charlotte, young James Orr came to him. "Sir, I was a soldier under Lee. Here is a flag of yours we took after hard fighting and many killed. You have recaptured it, Sergeant, without firing a shot—take it!"

Out of the crowd darted an eight-year-old girl carrying a doll. She asked him to give it to his little girl at home. He picked the child up in his arms and kissed her.

In Tuskegee, he had a grand reception on the day after the House of Representatives voted to impeach the President. "Shook hands with every man in Columbia (S.C.) today, I think, and with several of them more than once," he noted in his diary.

He found only one Southern newspaper hostile—*Pollard's Southern Opinion*, which called for the Carolinians "to meet you at the border, welcome your insolent approach, and seat you on some tall solitary chimney left by Sherman as a bleak monument of his vandal raid, and there let you wave your rag of oppression amid the hootings and curses of an insulted people."

At the border, 25 Confederate veterans awaited him—to escort him in honor into the state. On the same day, the U.S. Senate began sittings on the impeachment of the "appeasing" President.

Sergeant Bates arrived in Washington—and was met by the usual rain, crowds, cheers and a brass band—on April 14. A happy procession practically danced him to the Executive Mansion. President Johnson came on the front steps to greet him. Gil Bates' 1,400-mile mission was completed.

And the impeachment of President Johnson, when the votes were counted, failed, if by a narrow margin. But it never entered the mind of the man who quietly resumed his life in Wisconsin that it might have been his mission that saved the President. Nor is there any available proof that it did.

But the simple action of this plain man from the grass roots did prove that in spite of a bloody civil war, and its aftermath of grief, devastation and intrigues of politics, Americans were still all of one family.

The "Spectacular" comes to the classroom!

Students now are eyewitnesses to the French Revolution in a new kind of educational film.

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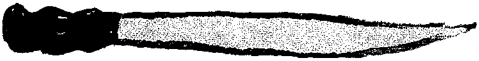
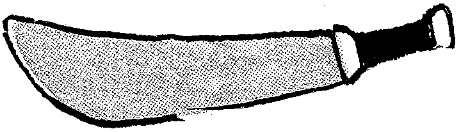
The Marvelous Machete





by JOE P. FAULKNER

A SOUTH AMERICAN was traveling along a jungle trail near his native village not long ago. With him were his young wife, their three small children—and ever-present Señor Machete.

At a turn in the pathway, the man suddenly halted his family by stretching his arms out horizontally. No word was spoken. The young mother simply stopped and clutched the youngsters to her side.

Drawing the keen-edged machete from his belt, the father stealthily approached a mottled shadow he had detected draped about a banyan tree at the trail's edge—a full-grown boa constrictor. At a distance he considered respectful, the man stopped and began swinging the long, glistening blade of Señor Machete back and forth before the snake's beady eyes. Soon the mesmerized boa was swaying its triangular head and part of its body in unison with the knife. Quickly the man flicked the blade outward and downward, and the snake's severed head dropped harmlessly into the jungle underbrush.

Snake-killing is only one of the countless roles played by Señor Machete (pronounced by Webster "mah-chaý-tay") in the tropics and subtropics, where it is considered the most important instrument yet devised by man. From the time a boy is strong enough to lift one, he is given a machete, educated to its multiple uses and taught to regard it as a second right hand.

All native workers in about one-third of the world's countries carry machetes, and pocket whetstones to keep them sharp. Marriages are considered beyond the pale until the couple has in its hope chest a pair of machetes as passports to survival, independence, success.

With this sword-like steel blade the native hacks down palm trees and bamboo to build his home, slaughters cattle for food, battles through the jungle's leafy tentacles to get to his job. There he uses it to slice banana stalks, milk rubber trees, chop sugar cane, or tap the sapodilla evergreens for chicle.

At home he depends on the same thin blade to help peel potatoes, husk coconuts. At the table he carves the meat and slices the cake with it.

If friends drop by, there's a game in the yard—throwing machetes at targets. And the following morning the omnipresent knife gives its owner a quick, clean shave.

Over 80 per cent of the world's supply of machetes is turned out in Collinsville, Connecticut, 15 miles northwest of Hartford, by the Collins Company. This $4,000,000 firm is comparatively unknown in this country, but is famous throughout Latin, Central and South America and parts of Africa and India. Collins manufactures more than 400 varying types of machetes.

They are made from strips of steel, heated, stamped into blades, tapered, cooled, tempered, immersed in molten lead, quenched with oil and hot water and squeezed between hot cast-iron plates. The secret lies in carrying out each step in the process to the proper fraction of a second.

Machetes vary in length from nine inches to three feet. Straight ones are used for dress occasions. Most are razor-sharp at the tip. Some are blunted.

In Costa Rica and Puerto Rico the blades must be painted flaming red. Nicaraguans insist upon down-swept blades. Some Brazilians want upward curved blades. Rubber plantation workers demand scimitar-shaped blades. Colombians in the interior order machetes with blades sharply curved; their countrymen along the coast prefer only slightly curved blades.

THE COLLINS COMPANY was founded in 1826 to manufacture axes. One day in 1840, a Yankee Clipper captain walked into the office and displayed a crude wooden knife.

"You couldn't go two feet in a Caribbean jungle without one of these," he said. "A native there wants this duplicated in steel."

Thus Señor Machete was born. And today Collins supplies the tropics with 5,000,000 annually, the most popular model being the same original type forged for the clipper captain.

Handles of a tough acetate plastic are now used instead of the English horns which had a tendency to split. To sooth the vanity of some purchasers, handles are fashioned into the shapes of heads of elephants, cocks, eagles and intricately twisted wire designs. Multiplicity of shapes also is designed to meet demands of certain crops, as well as to satisfy personal preferences.

When a native wants a machete, he goes into a trading post and merely asks for "un Collins." Those who cannot pronounce the name simply wave a bended arm and clenched fist, gesturing the Collins trademark of a clenched fist rising out of a crown and holding a hammer.

Although special and elaborate types are more expensive, the average machete costs from 75¢ to $2. It lasts from six to eight months of "constant use," and is used right down to the last quarter inch of the blade.

In 1934, German manufacturers tried to flood Cuba with inferior machetes illegally bearing the Collins trademark. The traditionally shrewd Yankee traders had one of the German counterfeits sent to Collinsville. After examination, the company had a trunkful of tin machetes made, an agent took them to Cuba, rounded up natives, went to a German outlet and bought one of the competitive knives. He placed it on a table, point down, drew a Collins machete and with a mighty blow sliced the German product in two. He then opened the trunk and threw the tin machetes to the natives, crying, "If you want inferior machetes, you don't have to buy them . . . we'll give them to you free!"

The natives laughed the Hitler regime machetes right back to the Rhine.

U.S. Army details rely on machetes about a foot and a half long to scythe through tropical bramble. During World War II, Japs infiltrated New Guinea and the natives asked permission to "go get them." Not with guns. With machetes. The Army gave the natives one machete for each Jap they made into a memory. It cost Uncle Sam 1,000 machetes, but it ended the Jap infiltration.

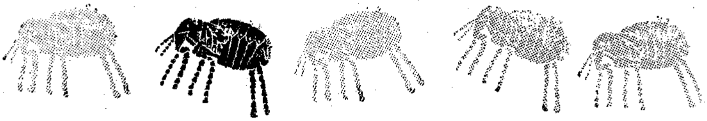
Personal conflicts as well as international battles are frequently settled with the help of Señor Machete. But most important, it can be safely said that the fascinating Señor has been largely responsible for opening up the tropical world to trade and commerce, and that he can be depended upon to keep it open.

Spelling Bee

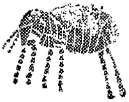
(Answers to quiz on page 66)

ABODE & ADOBE
HOSE & SHOE
UNITE & UNTIE
ARNOLD & RONALD
DOROTHEA & THEODORA
EVIL & VILE
PATERNAL & PARENTAL
MARITAL & MARTIAL
HOW & WHO
TRIED & TIRED
USSR & RUSS
STENO & NOTES
NOTE & TONE
HEART & EARTH

Jiggers—



The Chiggers!



by Reed Millard

One minute I was lounging comfortably on a lawn chair, the next I was leaping wildly to my feet, on fire, the whole upper part of my body a blaze of pain. Frantically I snatched off my shirt, expecting to fight off a swarm of savage ants.

To my amazement, there was no sign of any insect. Yet, even as I looked, red welts began to swell into sight on my body and arms.

An hour later, as a doctor's ministrations dulled the worst of the pain, I learned that I had gotten off easier than many having their first experience with chiggers. For these tiny attackers are so vicious that the noted biologist, Dr. Asa Chandler of Rice Institute, states: "There is probably no creature on earth that can cause more torment for its size."

This summer, literally millions are going to encounter these mighty mites, and suffer anything from mild annoyance to fever and outright collapse requiring hospitalization. For chiggers, near-microscopic creatures which seem to have it in for humankind, are well-distributed in practically every part of the world. And they can just as easily turn up in your own back yard as in the depths of a wilderness.

Researchers have found them on every continent and island, at 16,000 feet in the Andes, in frozen Labrador and Alaska, in the tropics. They have found them, moreover, somewhat horrifying in both numbers and kinds.

Half a century ago, science was aware of 33 species. Today, the number is upwards of 300, and we'll probably keep finding more. Fortunately, only 31 species actually attack human beings, but they make up in ferocity and sheer numbers for any lack of interest that their fellow members may have in people.

It will be a matter of some astonishment to chigger victims to learn that these agony-making midgets neither bite nor sting. To get the picture of the amazing process by which a chigger makes a meal of human epidermis, you must consider first what sort of a creature he is.

Destined one day to become an eight-legged arachnid of the same general family as spiders and scorpions, the chigger starts life as a tiny red, six-legged larva about 1/50th of an inch long. This is the stage where he becomes a menace to humans and, for that matter, to dogs, cats, horses, and even snakes. One scientist reported having seen a reptile whose skin appeared to have turned red. On it were lodged some 5,000 chiggers.

Before a chigger attaches himself to a surface he considers edible, he races along it at the phenomenal speed of one to three feet a minute. He stops when he reaches a tight spot on a person's clothing—around a belt, say—and there he pauses before beginning his bizarre banquet which, oddly enough, will be the only meal of his early life, a sumptuous enough one to carry him through this brief, one-season existence before becoming an adult mite. The chigger sometimes sits there for hours before getting down to the business of eating.

During this period, if the victim-to-be is lucky enough to spot the tiny red invader and can either brush him off or hurry to take a shower, he will escape without any damage.

Left unmolested, the chigger will finally decide to fall to. First he injects saliva into his victim. Something—science doesn't know exactly what—in the saliva of a chigger acts as a violent irritant. But his victim doesn't notice it for an hour or so. Meanwhile, it dissolves the skin tissue and forms a tubular structure scientists call a stylostome. This makes it handy for the chigger to take nourishment.

"Like sipping through a straw," one scientist explains.

Not that the chigger, like the mosquito, drinks blood. Contrary to popular belief, partly based on his bright red color, he does not. Skin is his dish.

Once he has eaten to his stomach's capacity, he will hang on for a while to digest his repast, then drop off by himself—providing he hasn't been brushed away sooner by his writhing host.

TREATMENT for the person who has been thus attacked runs through a vast range of remedies developed by suffering laymen and harried doctors. "Once the bite has been inflicted," says one medical authority, "cleanliness of the site is necessary to prevent infection. Bathing the affected area with baking soda solution, diluted ammonia water or strong alcohol solution has some palliative value. None of these remedies is entirely satisfactory."

Some people are not particularly affected by chiggers, beyond experiencing momentary discomfort. Doctors believe that they have developed an immunity. They are, in effect, inoculated, and new exposure at the start of each season, says Dr. Chandler, "acts as a booster shot."

Other victims have allergic reactions which may result in nausea and large swellings that look like hives. Such extreme cases, fortunately not numerous, are now being treated successfully with antihistamines.

All things considered, medicine isn't too happy about its efforts in repairing the ravages of these hungry arachnids. There is considerable sense in a wry remark often heard in medical circles: "Best cure for chiggers? Stay away from them."

Science has, however, come up with some methods of keeping chiggers away from man. Many of the new drugstore insect repellents do a good enough job, if you can cover enough body surface. A solution of five per cent benzyl benzoate makes clothing repellent. It won't survive much washing, but anyone venturing into the woods during the chigger season might profitably try it.

Also, you *can* get rid of chiggers in your yard, once you've determined you have them.

All you do, according to Dr. D. W. Jenkins, formerly of Ohio University, is stick a small piece of dark cardboard on edge in the ground. In a few minutes, if you have chiggers, the card will begin to turn red as swarms of them climb aboard it. Just why the cardboard has such an appeal is an unknown aspect of chigger psychology. A dark china plate gets the same results.

After you've discovered them, you can treat the place with DDT or any of numerous commercial preparations containing it. U.S. Army tests have shown that proper dusting with Lindane will knock out chiggers for one season, which, happily, is short in many areas. It lasts only about two summer months in most of the northern U.S., up to six months in the area of Maryland, and through the entire year farther south.

The chigger's eyesight, not his sense of smell or touch, enables him to get around as handily as he does, scientists have discovered. And one man has added an odd piece of advice to the considerable lore on how to avoid being eaten by chiggers: maybe you'd better whisper when you're in a spot that may harbor the hungry mites. For, according to reports, chiggers which have been lying perfectly still suddenly go into action when they hear a loud sound in the range of the human voice.

IN AUGUST CORONET

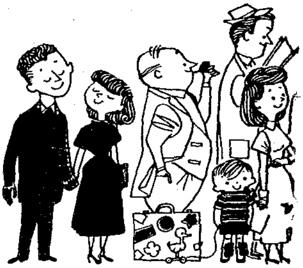
HOW TO BUY YOUR HI-FI

How powerful should the amplifier be? How many loud-speakers do you need? An authoritative article tells how to get the best value in superb sound.

"STARVING" TEEN-AGERS

Millions of teen-agers stuff themselves with empty "calories"—and remain malnourished. Read how to combat this danger with "hidden diet."

Home for the Innocents Abroad



by THEODORE IRWIN

IN PARIS last summer a disconsolate bald-headed tourist from Sioux City entered the six-story, flatiron-shaped building bearing the legend: "American Express." Inside, he leaned against a counter, his face lit up and he beamed broadly about at the busy hubbub.

A clerk asked the Iowan, "Can I help you, sir?"

"No, thanks," he said. "I just came in to hear the sound of American voices." He grinned. "I guess I was plain homesick."

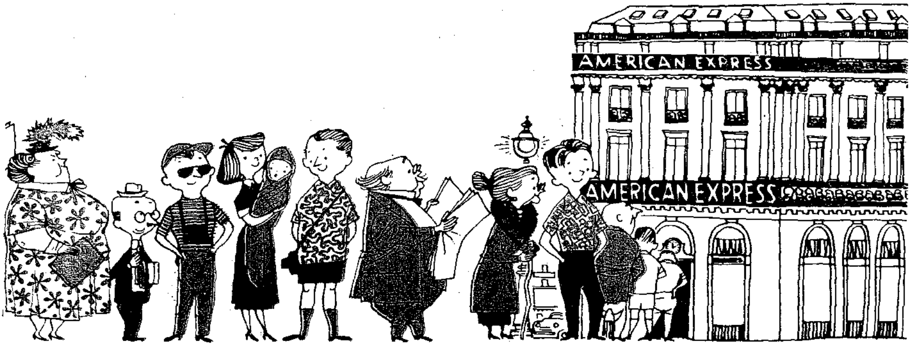
To most of the half-million or more Americans who visit Europe every spring and summer, the American Express Company's Paris office at 11 Rue Scribe is a home-away-from-home, and since it opened at the turn of the century some 20,000,000 of them have passed through its portals. But today, gone are the curlicued balustrades, the clutter of desks and buckety elevators of half a century ago, replaced by modern elevators, an escalator, marble pillars and floors.

Tourists come here to pick up mail and messages, meet friends and utilize the American Express' multiple services. For the 450 staff members have, by tradition, become the American visitors' trouble shooters, handholders, gendarmes, tracers of missing persons, operators of lonely hearts clubs and general handy men.

Somehow the bothered and bewildered turn not to our embassy or the Parisian police but to American Express. Last July, for instance, a worried-looking businessman from the Midwest walked in with a serious private problem. It seemed that his blonde, 20-year-old daughter, in Paris on vacation, had written home that she'd fallen in love with a fascinating European, and now was apparently dashing about the Continent with a hard-drinking crowd of students.

Mr. Johnson, which naturally is not his name, could find no trace of his daughter, Ann, at her Paris hotel. A cable had just arrived from the family doctor informing him that anxiety had made Mrs. Johnson very ill and urging him to find Ann.

The American was ushered into the private office of Maxwell C. El-



liot, manager of the Paris branch, a handsome, genial Scot who has served American Express for a quarter of a century.

"Have you any idea where Ann might have gone?" he asked.

Mr. Johnson shook his head. "She's just disappeared into the blue."

Ann had been picking up her mail at 11 Scribe but had left no forwarding address. Elliot got busy on the phone with American Express offices in Nice, Cannes, Madrid, Rome, Florence, Trieste, Lucerne and Geneva. After two days, word came back to the Paris office that Ann Johnson had left a forwarding address at Lucerne.

Elliot reached her by phone at Cannes. "Your mother is critically ill and your dad is here in Paris," he told her, "Wouldn't you like to talk to him?" A family reconciliation soon followed.

Tourists turn to Elliot and his staff in all sorts of emergencies. A honeymoon pair has run out of funds and an expected check from home hasn't arrived. A Philadelphia secretary would like to pawn her return steamship ticket. A tourist loses her passport, another goes off and forgets $50,000 in jewels under a hotel pillow, a retired couple has their flight tickets stolen. Helping the innocents in Paris is all in the day's work.

Routine functions of the staff range all the way from cashing travelers cheques and arranging excursions to providing baby sitters. Some 750,000 letters and telegrams arrive annually in the basement mailroom—every one is checked against the 30,000 active forwarding addresses left each year—and probably the most popular person in the place is sprightly little Suzy Combaud, the postmistress, who has been the friend and confidante of many an anxious traveler.

Not long ago, on a train in Italy, 19-year-old Edith and her mother met a "very nice young Chicagoan." When they parted at Milan, the girl was so entranced she neglected to get his full name and address in Paris. Mother and daughter came to Suzy and wondered if she could trace him. All they knew was his first name: Jack.

"I'll try to find him," Suzy promised.

Though countless "Jacks" appeared at the mail window each week, she instructed her 18 assistants: "Let me know every time someone named Jack asks for mail."

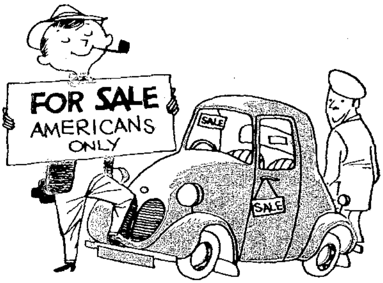
Six days later, a husky, crew-cut "Jack" was shown to her counter. "Did you come from Milan?" she asked. "Were you traveling with two ladies?"

"How'd you know?" he exclaimed. "Where are they? I've been looking for them for days."

"You stay here, Jack," said Suzy, and went off to phone Edith.

Suzy treasures the wedding announcement she received late that fall, addressed simply to "Suzy, c/o American Express, Paris."

Feeling perfectly at home at 11 Rue Scribe, tourists have asked American Express to direct them to a low-calorie French restaurant, charter a yacht, secure a date for a daughter, arrange a marriage within 24 hours, locate an English-speaking dentist, find out where they can rent a bicycle, and get someone to help pick out a *"très élégant chapeau"* for a wife back home.



Some months ago, a distinguished-looking silver-haired American businessman walked in to inquire where he could see radishes growing in France. He was directed to a farm north of Paris. A few days later, he ambled in to Cartier's to buy a gift for his wife—a ruby the size and shape of a radish.

Last summer, a porter found two large suitcases on the main floor after the office had closed. He put them in a storeroom. Three days later, a young American came in, saying, "I lost two bags—I think I left them here."

"But how," asked the skeptical Mr. Elliot, "could you possibly forget two large suitcases?"

"Well," said the American, a bit sheepishly, "I really didn't lose them, exactly. You see, I arrived in Paris without a hotel reservation, so I went to look for a room. I figured if I left the bags at American Express they'd be taken care of safely until I got set."

Like the drugstore on Main Street, American Express is an all-purpose hangout. In September, for instance, the curb at the entrance on the Place Garnier is crowded with scooter bikes and small foreign cars for sale by young Americans who have used them in Europe during the summer months. (French law says that such vehicles may be sold only to other Americans.)

One of the big drawing cards at American Express is its little blue travelers cheques—equivalent to currency anywhere on the globe—which carry the Company's promise that if they are mislaid or stolen the money will be refunded. Through its unique international secret service, the Inspector's Department, American Express is able to track down missing cheques in an incredibly short time.

Marcel Soederlund, a good-humored, bespectacled Swede who heads these cheque detectives in Paris, was notified the other day that the luggage of an American matron had been broken into at her hotel and, along with her jewels, some $1,500 in travelers cheques stolen. Soederlund tracked the thieves to Geneva three days later when they tried to cash some of the cheques. They were picked up and the entire loot recovered.

A short time ago, as a prize in a TV contest, an American couple won a trip to Paris. On their first day there, they were accosted on the street by a well-dressed Parisian. "You have travelers cheques? I will give you 450 francs to the dollar." (The official rate of exchange is 350.)

The American had heard about these clever French swindlers but he was sure he could outfox them. "Will you come with me to a bank and show your francs?" he asked.

"But of course," grinned the Frenchman. "You do not trust me?"

"No, I don't," grinned the American.

At the bank, he was assured the francs were not counterfeit. Back in the street, the Frenchman said, "I will count the francs right before you—one, five, ten, twenty, twenty-five . . . ninety thousand francs. *Voila!*"

Convinced he'd put over a big deal, the American signed his cheques. But when he returned to his hotel, he discovered he had only 35,000 francs. The Frenchman had used sleight-of-hand in counting out the money.

The couple went sadly to 11 Rue Scribe. But Max Elliot shook his head.

"Since you countersigned the cheques, I'm afraid we can't do anything," he said reluctantly. "Also, we can't tell whether the Frenchman did give you the correct amount and then maybe you had your pocket picked. This is one time our hands are tied."

Of course, American Express has been a profit-making enterprise ever since it was founded over a century ago. Yet somewhere along the line the Company acquired a rare feeling for the homey touch.

Late one afternoon, just as 11 Rue Scribe was about to close for Christmas Eve, a wispy, gray-haired American woman diffidently entered, glanced around uncertainly, and then approached the nearest counter.

"Can I do something for you?" the middle-aged clerk asked.

"I—I really don't know if you can. You see, I've been touring Europe for four months. It's such a long time since I've been home. And I feel miserable—being alone on Christmas Eve."

"Madam, American Express has no provision for . . ." the clerk began, hesitated, then added, "but I would be proud if you would join me and my family for Christmas."

She smiled. "*Merci beaucoup* and bless you," she said. "It would be a little like being home again, wouldn't it?"

Sullivan's Silver Bonanza

by Oren Arnold

PRIVATE "Sully" Sullivan, U.S. Army, was tired that late afternoon in 1872 as he trudged down the road that his detail was building through Arizona's wild Pinal Mountains. Back close to camp, Sully sat down on a projecting black rock.

"I'm powerful tired and homesick," he confessed.

"You'll be discharged soon," another private said, enviously.

"I'll still be pore," Sullivan shrugged. "Always will be, I reckon."

He picked up a couple of pieces of the black rock and idly banged them together. They didn't shatter or crack; instead, they were malleable, and one flattened.

"I be dogged," said unimaginative Sully. He mashed the piece into a pancake shape, dropped it in his pocket for a souvenir, and forgot it.

The following month, Sullivan took his discharge papers, made his way 90 miles down the Salt River to Charlie Mason's ranch (close to where Phoenix was destined to be founded) and hired out as a rifleman to defend the Mason stock from marauding Indians. One day he happened to show his piece of "soft rock" to Mr. Mason.

"Lordy, man, this here's pure silver!" Mason exclaimed.

"A body could wish it was," said Sully, unimpressed.

"Where'd you git it?"

"Up in the Pinals."

No more was said about it, however, and in a few weeks Sullivan quit and headed for California. Apparently he forgot all about his souvenir.

But Mr. Mason couldn't forget. Nor could the others who heard about it. Numerous prospecting parties searched the area where Sullivan had been. Then, in 1875, Mason, who had already made several expeditions, decided to try again. He mentioned this to a neighbor, Ben Reagan, and they invited William Long, Isaac Copeland, and a fifth whose name is obscure, to join them. All had prospected, knew ore.

"He was just out of General Stoneman's command," Mason reasoned. "Their camp sites should be easy to find in the Pinals. And if we prospected out from them—"

Admittedly, it was a long shot. The Pinals to this day are high and craggy, dark and ominous. Apaches, fiercest of the Indians, infested the area. Two hundred of them, pursued by white enemies, not long before had plunged over a 1,000-foot cliff, and their bones were still to be seen. Their kinsmen yearned for vengeance. Mason and his companions could survive only by vigilance, and great good luck.

They located General Stoneman's camp sites readily enough and prospected every part of the surrounding hills. Time after time they found black rocks, only to have them turn out worthless.

One man stooped near a coiled rattlesnake to pick up a rock. The reptile's strike almost killed him. Twice they were attacked by herds of javelinas, those ferocious wild hogs of the Southwest. But they saw no Indians for weeks and finally stopped maintaining a night guard.

Disheartened, they decided to give up their search and return home.

On the way, at dawn one morning, they heard it—"Ee-Yah-Yah-Yah-Yah!"—the terrible war cry of the Apaches. Oldtimers swore with a shudder that it was the most frightening sound on earth. They rolled out of their blankets to fight.

An arrow tore through Charlie Mason's shirt under his left arm but barely scratched him. A horse behind William Long dropped, kicking and screaming, and rolled to its death over a 40-foot bluff. One of his five men died in Mason's arms, but the attackers were driven off.

As the four survivors grimly prepared to start out again, one of their pack mules strayed. Ike Copeland went to fetch it.

The mule had moved aimlessly some hundreds of yards from the camp site. It happened to be standing near an outcropping of rocks when Ike got to it. It had stepped on one and left a hoof print—just as though it had been hammered there.

Ike looked at it, and then he looked around. The soft black rocks were everywhere. He ran back, shouting, "I've found it! The ore!"

He had, indeed, apparently at the very place where Sullivan had obtained his souvenir. The men knew that there was unbelievable treasure right here on the surface of the earth. Who could say how much more lay beneath? They named their bonanza the Silver King, and word of their strike raced through the Territory.

Copeland and Long, fearful lest the rich ore quickly be exhausted, sold out to their partners for $80,000. The mine netted that amount in the next six months. Then Charlie Mason weakened and sold his share to a Colonel S. M. Barney for $250,000. On May 5, 1877, the Silver King Mining Company was incorporated and Barney and Reagan deeded their entire interest to it.

Later, in the same area, a New York firm hit into one of the greatest copper bonanzas in the history of the world—the Magma Mine. In 1910, the Magma Copper Company purchased other mines in the area, including the Silver King.

One day, when this second bonanza was at its height and the new town around it was booming, a seedy, down-at-the-heels old man walked into the employment office and asked for a job.

"You look too old to work," the personnel manager said. "What kind of job do you want?"

"Almost anything," the applicant replied humbly. "And I think I deserve *something* here. My name is Sully Sullivan." ♛ ♛ ♛

As guests—not charges—senior citizens find life's door gaily ajar in this unique hotel which, for a modest fee, assures them . . .

RETIREMENT / with room service

by Henry Lee

Until only recently, retirement or widowhood brought most of our "senior citizens" these bleak choices: a back bedroom in the children's house; a lonely, shabby furnished room; a nursing home in which alert oldsters were too often forced into close proximity with those sick in mind or body; an institutionalized "old peoples' home." The *happy* alternative—a place where oldsters can continue to lead normal, independent lives and yet receive the special care that age demands—seemed impossibly complicated and expensive.

Today, however, there are about a dozen old folks' hotels from Pennsylvania to Florida which offer room, board and social-recreational programs to aged people at moderate cost.

They are not "institutions" subsidized by government or charity, but the answer of *private enterprise* to the growing problem of our senior citizens.

The newest and most daring—since it tackles the especially high cost of metropolitan New York living—is the 17-story, 300-room Parkside Residential Club at 18 Gramercy Park South, overlooking the famous old park on Manhattan's East Side.

In this elaborately renovated hotel, at surprisingly low weekly rates, the elderly clientele live as *customers,* not charges. They are free to come and go as they please, and exercise the inalienable right of hotel guests anywhere to complain about the service, if they should find it necessary.

The rates: $40 to $65 weekly per person for *everything.* Each room has a telephone, nine out of ten have private baths. A physician is available round-the-clock, and the switchboard is kept open 24 hours a day.

From the lobby, brightly decorated in greens and yellows, to the penthouse solaria, the Parkside seems at first glance like any bustling metropolitan hotel.

The rooms are done in smart colors with gay curtain and carpet accessories. The dining room has tables-for-four.

Parkside residents range from retired workers who must count their pennies to wealthy ex-businessmen. Here is a stooped oldster who pays the $40 rate talking animatedly to a former executive who can afford $250 weekly for his suite. Except for the room, both get the same food and service.

In the dining room, special diets—free of salt, sugar or fats for those with heart, diabetic or arterial complaints and especially bland for ulcer victims—are always available.

In some of the guests' rooms you see worn but comfortable old rocking chairs, paintings in heavy gilt frames, old-fashioned cabinets—furniture warm with special memories and associations.

A typical guest gets downstairs to the dining room by 9:30 for a hearty breakfast. Since the stomachs of the old can't extract protective elements in food as efficiently as they once did, the aged need a greater amount of food rich in vitamins and minerals, and the Parkside residents are very good eaters, indeed.

During the morning, some take walks. Others, especially the women, like to visit the clusters of stores a short distance away. A few sit in the lobby, their sharp old eyes attentively fastened on each newcomer. Some prefer to enjoy radio or TV in the privacy of their rooms, though the management gently tries to persuade them from being too much by themselves.

At lunchtime the wife—of a retired couple—isn't feeling well. Her husband briskly picks up the phone, asks for Room Service and orders lunch in their room. There is no charge for it. Like the maid service, it is all in the bill.

"Of course, we don't make a practice of it," he explains. "But when you're old, it's nice to know you don't have to go downstairs if you're feeling a little poorly."

Usually, after lunch, most Parkside residents prefer a siesta, and then at 3 P.M. the group activities get under way, supervised by a social director. Those whose fingers are still nimble may model in clay, fashion leather belts and wallets for their children, execute "number paintings," in which they color blank pictures by following a number guide.

Because few can read any length of time, even with glasses, a favorite diversion is the half-hour daily reading from some book—preferably a historical romance teeming with kings, lords, ladies and feats of derring-do.

The biggest attendance, however, is at the almost nightly entertainment that follows the 5-to-6:30 dinner hour. Once a week there is a movie (musicals or comedies preferred), and usually live entertainment by professional musicians, singers and comedians the other nights. The surest way to bring down the house, the pros have found, is with the old-time nostalgic songs—from the 1920s or earlier—which bring back a flood of memories.

When the audience breaks up and the Parkside settles down for the night by about 10 o'clock, it has not been an exacting—or very exciting—day. But these are people ranging in age from their late 60s to 80s, who worked long and hard and now want to rest. For the majority—widows—there is a blessed respite from housekeeping; for the men, fewer in number but spryer, there is release from business responsibility, though most like to keep their hand in occasionally by helping out their children.

One retired garment-district worker, who still runs a sewing machine daily to make things for friends, sums it up this way: "It's a pleasure to use this machine for *pleasure*. Now I can quit for an afternoon without being fired."

THE PARKSIDE came about because, two years ago, a department store executive named Solomon (Tommy) Scharf happened to pay a business call on a nursing home which was one of the store's most important customers. Young Scharf was depressed at the sight of many vigorous oldsters, surrounded by the sick and senile, who were obviously deteriorating in the dreary atmosphere of the home.

He convinced his parents and brothers that it ought to be possible to work out a program for elderly living whereby the healthy, moderate-income oldsters could retire comfortably and independently. The chief problem, obviously, was to keep the costs within the framework of Social Security and average retirement pay, with perhaps some amount of extra financial assistance from the children.

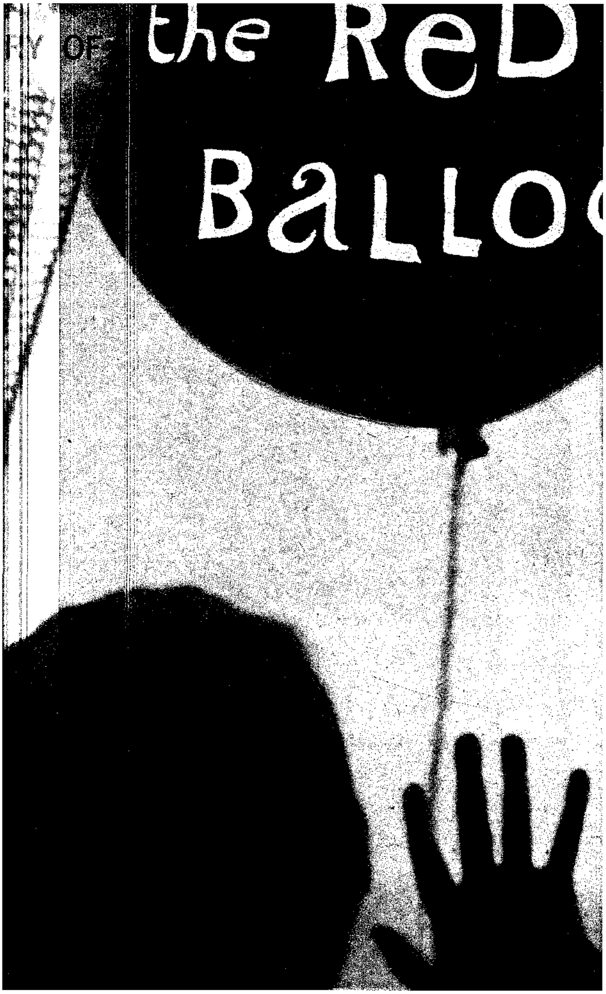
The Scharf family pitched in together, and six months later opened the Ambassador Residential Club at Long Beach, Long Island, then the Parkside in New York City.

"This is a business," Tommy Scharf points out, "but it also is a tremendous service to people. In fact, you cannot be in it in the first place unless you have a great deal of patience, and genuinely like old people."

The Parkside cannot accommodate the crippled, senile or bedridden who would require special care, but all other senior citizens are eligible, as they would be at any hotel. Unobtrusively, they are *reassured* but not chaperoned.

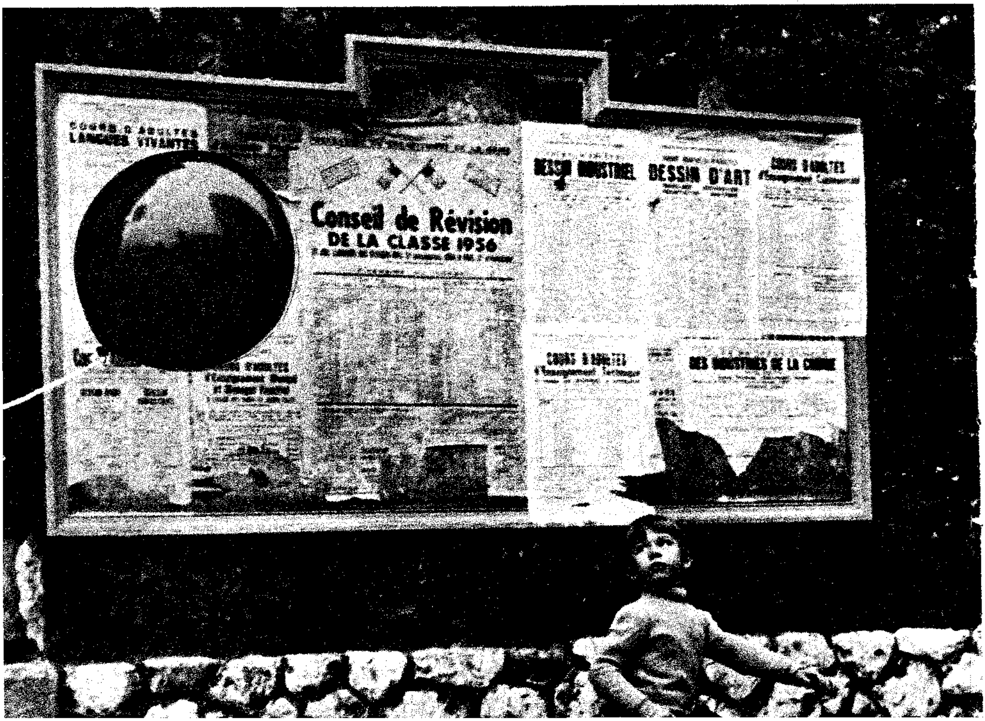
While most prefer "the lazy things," in which they don't have to overexert themselves, it is a point of pride to tell their children that strenuous recreation is offered at the Parkside—even folk dancing—if they feel like kicking up a heel. Most of all, Tommy finds, they hunger pathetically to live with fellow oldsters who share common worries, interests and memories, who will not shunt them aside.

For those who can afford them, these hotels for senior citizens provide a serene twilight.



the ReD
BaLLo

It all began when a little French boy


COURS D'ADULTES
LANGUES VIVANTES
Conseil de Révision
DE LA CLASSE 1956
DESSIN INDUSTRIEL
DESSIN D'ART
COURS D'ADULTES
COURS D'ADULTES
DES INDUSTRIES DE LA CHIMIE

found a magic red balloon . . .

He found it tied to a lamppost—the brightest, reddest balloon you ever saw. It followed the boy, Pascal, everywhere, without coaxing. He couldn't believe his good fortune. He didn't have a brother or sister and he was often lonely. Now suddenly he had a friend, hovering a few steps behind him, or just above his head. The balloon even followed him to school, and lined up with the other children to enter class. But the teacher said, "No." Pascal spoke softly to the red balloon, asking it to wait for him until school was out.

But it was raining after school . . .

An elderly gentleman gave Pascal and his balloon shelter under an umbrella, as far as the bus stop. But the bus conductor frowned: "Company rules forbid dogs, big parcels and large balloons." So Pascal released his playmate and whispered, "Follow me home." And the balloon trailed the bus through Paris streets, a strange sight to behold.

"Sorry—no large balloons."

5701
STOP
on
CHAT

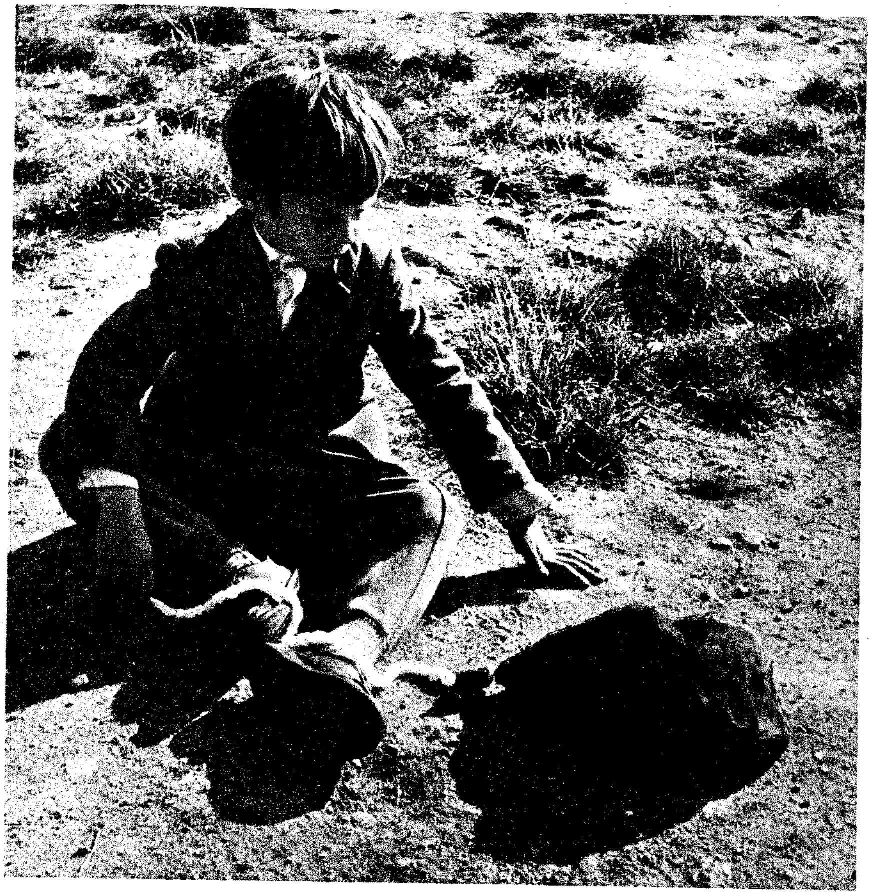
But other boys

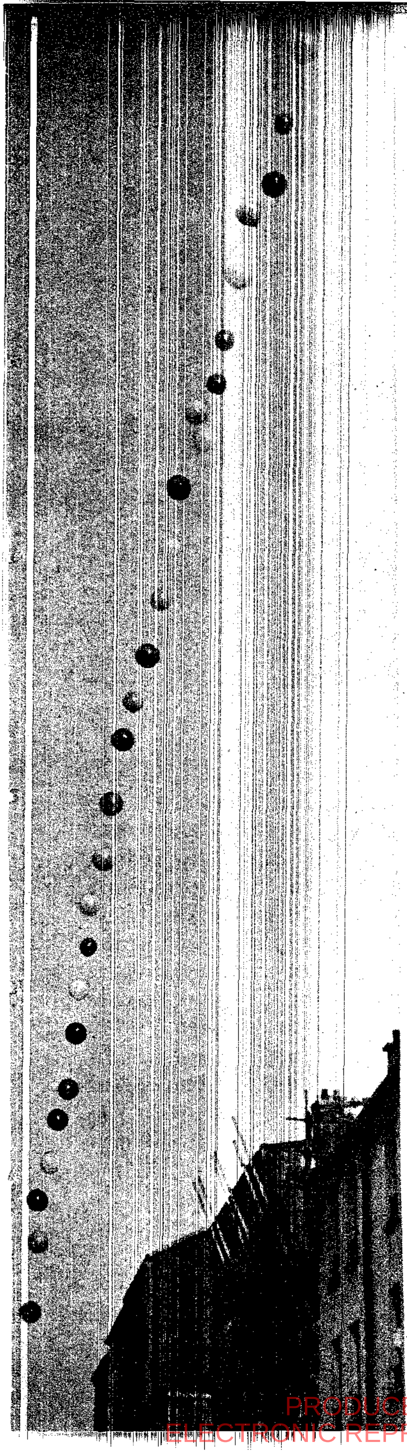
were jealous of Pascal's magic playmate . . .

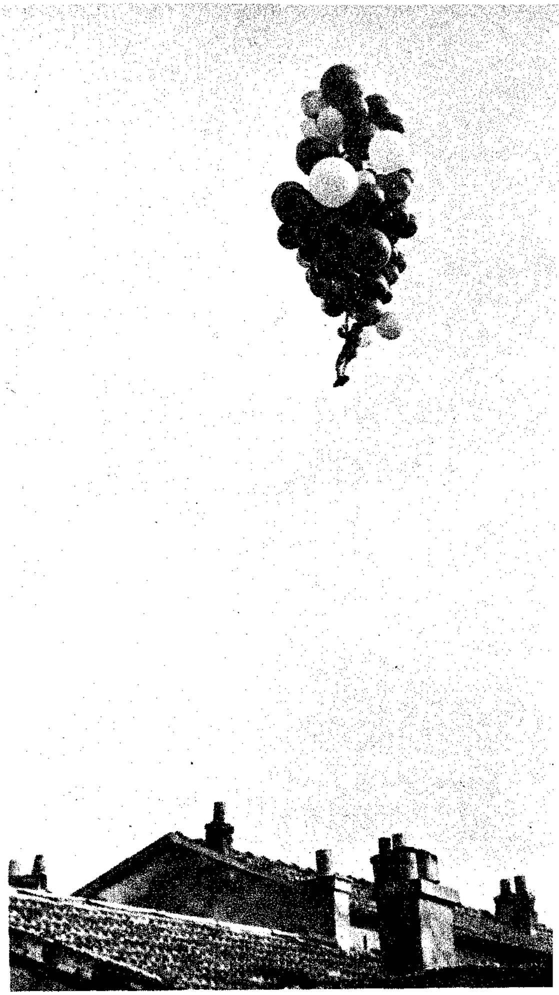
The boys in Pascal's neighborhood had never seen such a toy—accompanying a boy to church, to the dismay of his mother and the guard on duty there. They wanted to play with it, too. But the balloon, loyal only to its little master, spurned them and the boys gave chase. Up one alley and down the next fled Pascal, clutching tightly to his friend. Once he thought they had eluded their pursuers. But suddenly, in an empty field, the gang appeared from all sides. "If the balloon won't play with us," the boys yelled, "it won't play with anyone." Then with slingshots they began pelting Pascal and the balloon with pebbles. "Fly away!" pleaded Pascal, releasing his friend. But the balloon refused to desert him to face danger alone.

Alas, one pebble found its mark . . .

The stricken balloon crumpled to earth. The gang ran away, leaving Pascal to mourn his friend. But at that moment, a wondrous thing happened all over Paris. Hundreds of brightly colored balloons tore away from restraining hands, soaring beyond reach in a line high over the city. They descended on the field, surrounding Pascal with their gaiety, inviting him to take hold of their strings.



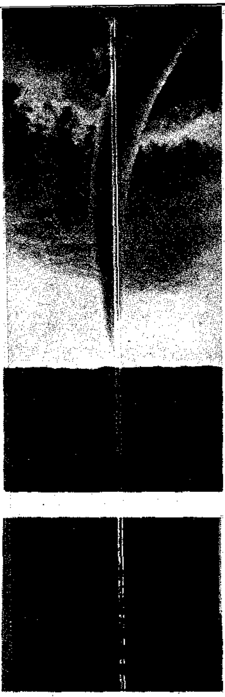


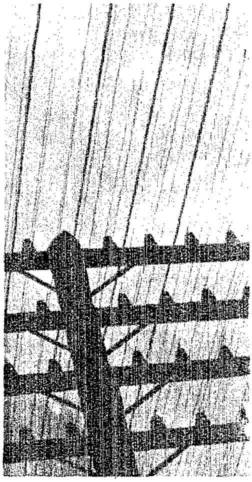


. . . and as he
held tightly,
they carried
him . . . Up

Up

SCIENCE STICKLERS





BY WILLIAM M. HALL

Did you ever wonder why the sky is blue, why telephone wires "sing," what animal lives the longest—things like that? Have you ever had a child ask you those questions—and you didn't know the answers?

Here is some help culled from the experts.

Q. Why is the sky blue? Why not some other color?

A. The sky is filled with millions of tiny specks called dust particles, and gases. They absorb much of the red rays of the sun and scatter the other rays that are not absorbed. The rays that have not been absorbed then combine to give the sky its blue color.

Q. What makes telephone wires hum?

A. When crosswinds blow against a telephone wire, they form eddy currents of air on the lee side. These currents, forming alternately at the top and bottom of the wire, cause it to vibrate. When the wind reaches a velocity of more than five or ten miles per hour, it results in an audible sound commonly known as "singing."

This humming is most apt to happen during cold weather when the tension of the wire is higher.

Q. What is the difference between a tornado and a hurricane?

A. A tornado, the most violent of all storms, occurs inland, may reach a velocity of 500 miles an hour, and confines itself to a comparatively narrow width of 300 to 400 yards. Tornadoes have occurred in every state in the United States, but the zone of maximum frequency lies in Iowa, Kansas, Texas, Illinois and Missouri. A tornado cloud is a dark, funnel-shaped formation with upward-spiralling winds, and usually occurs either in the late afternoon or early evening from March through June.

A hurricane is a tropical cyclone with winds ranging from 75 to over 100 miles per hour, originating in the "doldrums," or calm areas of the South Atlantic Ocean, Gulf of Mexico or West Indies region. It forms at sea and frequently travels slowly toward the coast line, striking with violent and destructive force. A hurricane usually covers a broad area, sometimes even reaching a diameter ranging from 400 to 500 miles.

Q. What is the highest inhabited place on earth?

A. Chile holds the record, with a habitation at an altitude of 20,000 feet. Peru comes close with 17,100 feet; a town in Tibet has an altitude of 16,330 feet. The highest spot in the U.S. occupied by man is the 14,156-foot Mt. Evans Laboratory in Colorado.

Q. What animal has the longest life?

A. The giant tortoise, with an estimated life span of 200 years or more. Sometimes weighing as much as 400 pounds, it is a slow-moving animal that matures slowly, wards off its predators by its heavy armor and tremendous size, and manages to live to an extremely old age.

Q. What animal has the keenest eyesight?

A. No positive comparison has been made, but some authorities consider the Rocky Mountain sheep to have the most phenomenal eyesight of all animals. This fleet-footed lover of high peaks is able to spot an enemy from five to ten miles away.

The eagle, an acknowledged contender for the distinction, has been known to spy a morsel of food a distance of three miles, sweep down in graceful silence and seize its prey in a matter of minutes.

Q. Why does an automobile generate more power on a cold day?

A. Heat tends to rob an automotive engine of power, inasmuch as power output depends on the burning of oxygen and fuel. On a hot day the air's oxygen content is less or lighter per cubic foot and, therefore, the engine would not get so much oxygen to mix with the fuel. So it seems that on a cold day the opposite would be true, thus creating greater power.

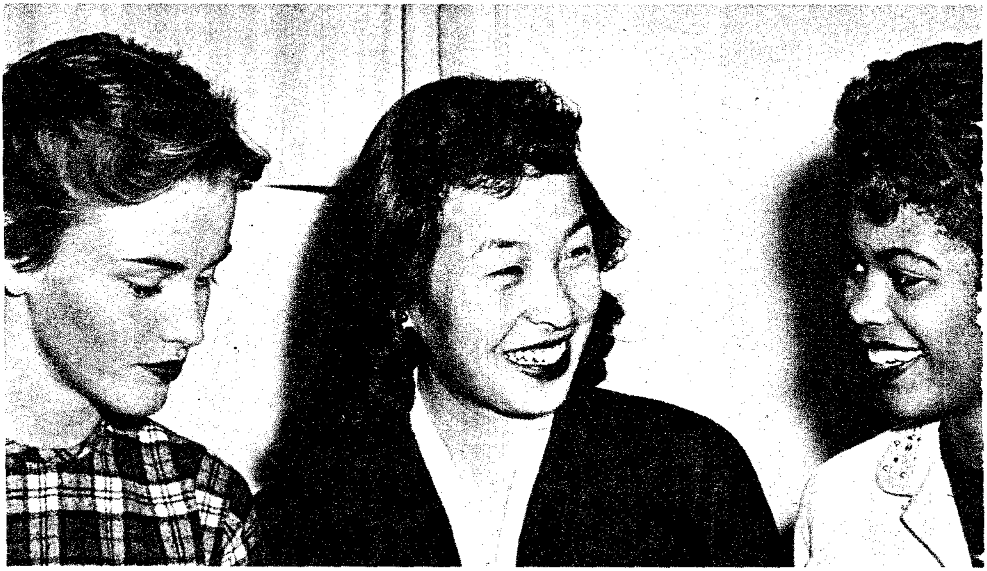
Q. Why do you see gasoline trucks dragging a chain along the road behind them?

A. Contrary to what some people may think, it is not because the drivers are superstitious or do so to warn motorists, but to ground static electricity. Friction caused by the contact of tires against pavement generates static electricity, which might cause an explosion unless grounded.

The chain, which may be steel, or any conducting metal, prevents such a possibility.

* * *

The Kids Who Speak



Joan Thompson *Gloria Lee* *Eleanor Ellis*

by ANDREW HAMILTON

"WHAT'S the program today?" asked Bill Jones at the Rotary Club luncheon.

"Panel of Americans," said the man next to him. "Bunch of kids from the University. Speaking on racial and religious tolerance."

Bill Jones groaned.

A moment later, five pretty girls walked to the head table and took their places. The Jewish girl discussed her belief in God; the second-generation American pointed out that we are a nation of immigrants; the Catholic coed emphasized the worth of the individual; the Negro recounted the problems of a pigmented skin; the Protestant girl underscored the grave responsibilities of the majority. Later, there were questions—real curves—but the girls batted them right back.

At the end of the program, Bill Jones led the applause.

A few years ago, Panel of Americans was a local experiment. Today

for Brotherhood

Ellen Smith *Terry De Lucca*

it is an exciting new national pattern in intergroup education—involving 20 colleges and universities, 500 student leaders and 200 faculty and community advisers. An estimated 2,000,000 persons annually see and hear the youthful leaders of tomorrow demonstrate a basic truth: that religious and cultural variety is one of America's greatest strengths.

The seed for Panel of Americans was planted at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1942, when wartime tensions ran high. One night a group of students stopped at a smart Wilshire Boulevard restaurant for a snack. "Sorry—we can't serve you," said the manager. One of the students was a Negro.

Hurt and embarrassed, the students met next day with Miss Adaline Guenther (lovingly called "Grandma" or "Gram")—the handsome, white-haired executive director of the University Religious Conference, an all-faith organization just off campus.

"We need a technique of appealing to people's emotions as well as to their intellects," suggested Miss Guenther.

Working on this pattern, they blueprinted a discussion-type program consisting of a Catholic, a Jew and a Protestant, and two members of minorities. Each student would speak no longer than five minutes. He would carefully avoid "preaching." Afterward, a question-and-answer period would draw the audience into the discussion.

The UCLA teams spoke before high school, church, service and women's groups. During the latter part of World War II, they toured Army camps and appeared on orientation programs.

In 1947, Dr. Clarence A. Dykstra, provost of UCLA, was so impressed that he allowed six students in that year's panel to make a demonstration tour across the United States.

"This kind of education is more important than classes," he said.

Wherever the panel appeared it was asked, "How do we go about setting up our own panel?" For several years, aided by an $8,000 grant from the American Jewish Committee, Miss Guenther ran a Panel Extension Service to help groups in other cities.

In 1953, a National Council of the Panel of Americans was organized with headquarters in New York City. The Executive Board includes such well-known names as Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin, Mrs. Ralph Bunche, Jade Wong Snow, Emily Kimbrough, Dr. George N. Shuster, Bishop Stephen F. Bayne.

Long-time "angel" of the Panel of Americans at UCLA has been Sol Lesser, the well-known Hollywood motion picture producer. A member of the University Religious Conference's board of directors, he serves as a self-appointed "committee of one" to see that the panel is adequately financed for transportation and miscellaneous expenses.

Last February, a Panel of Americans from UCLA visited Texas. It included Ellen Smith, a vivacious brunette whose forebears were Polish Jews; Gloria Lee, a tall, statuesque Korean-American; Teresa De Lucca, a petite, dark-eyed Catholic from an Italian-American family; Eleanor Ellis, a slim, pretty, coffee-colored Negro; and honey-blonde Joan Thompson, a Protestant of Norwegian and Irish extraction.

"Would you marry a white man?" someone asked Eleanor Ellis. This was a reverse twist on, "Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?"

Eleanor answered calmly, "Marriage is a personal thing between two individuals. As for myself, the answer is no. I happen to like Negro boys and I intend to marry one some day."

"Must Catholics believe everything the Pope tells them?"

Terry De Lucca had an answer ready. "The Pope is supreme in matters of faith and morals. In secular fields, he is subject to error as is any man."

"Why do the Jews try to cheat people?"

Ellen Smith replied, "Some Jews

try to cheat people, but I don't. Some Christians try to cheat people, but you don't—do you? Let's try not to generalize."

Students chosen for Panels of Americans must be attractive, speak well, know their subjects. In most cases they are campus "wheels." In a few instances, Communists have tried to infiltrate the panels, but they have always been vigorously rejected.

Before making public appearances, every panel member considers carefully what questions may be thrown at him—thoughtful, petty, or tricky. It is on this anvil of question-and-answer that convictions are hammered out.

The Protestant speaker is prepared for such red-hot sizzlers as these:

Q. *Isn't there a danger of moving too fast in this business of understanding?*

A. Let me ask you a question: is there any danger of being too good, too wise, too civilized?

Q. *What can you say to people who are prejudiced?*

A. You're missing something. By prejudging people you close your heart and mind to the possibility of friendship and cooperation with those who might be quite wonderful people.

The Catholic speaker usually is the target for questions on matters of religion.

Q. *Can marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic work?*

A. Yes. Although mixed unions are not recommended for sincere Catholics, they can be consummated and are valid in the eyes of the Church under certain circumstances.

Q. *Why do Catholics worship statues?*

A. We don't. Statues are reminders of holy persons and are symbols —in the same manner that the American flag is a symbol.

The Jewish speaker must be prepared to answer a wide assortment of questions—ranging all the way from anthropology to Zionism.

Q. *What do the Jews think about Christ?*

A. While we don't think he was divine, we do think he was a great teacher, a great philosopher, a great Rabbi.

Q. *Why are Jews more intelligent? Why are they better businessmen?*

A. For every Jew who is a college professor, scientist or millionaire executive, there are scores of small-time artisans, shopkeepers and slum-dwellers.

Q. *Should an American Jew owe allegiance to Israel?*

A. Israel is the birthplace of Jewish religion and culture. It is also a modern nation of more than 1,850,000 Israeli inhabitants. The American Jew looks upon Israel proudly and affectionately the way an American of English ancestry looks upon Great Britain or an Irish-American upon the Emerald Isle. But his first loyalty is to the U.S.

Because segregation is in the headlines, the Negro speaker must expect many questions on this issue.

Q. *As a Negro, aren't you happier among your own people?*

A. What do you mean by "my own people?" An accident of pigmentation and birth—or similarity of culture, religion or political interests?

Q. *Why should a Negro person want to move to another section of the city?*

A. If you got a better job and saved your money, wouldn't you want to move into a better house?

The second-generation American —be he Mexican-American, Japanese-American, Hungarian-American or whatnot—can expect this kind of probing.

Q. *Do you think immigrants to the U.S. should keep up their old traditions or should they try to fit completely into the American pattern?*

A. Every immigrant brings with him something of value to our whole culture. It's one of the reasons that America is so strong, so rich, so interesting.

Q. *Why are immigrants so clannish?*

A. Older people feel proud of their culture and don't want it lost. Also, they are hesitant about seeming to thrust themselves into a group where they feel they may not be welcome.

In addition, there are many general questions that any speaker on the panel can answer.

Q. *Haven't the Communists in Russia made progress in dealing with the racial situation?*

A. Are you kidding? Haven't you heard about anti-Semitism in Russia?

Q. *What can we do as individuals to overcome prejudice?*

A. Always stand up for what you believe in a friendly, reasonable way when people make nasty remarks about another's race or religion. Keep groups to which you belong alive to the problem. Never miss any chance to promote good ideas.

The panels' sponsors agree that the experience makes better citizens and better leaders out of those who participate. A Catholic becomes a better Catholic; a Jew becomes a better Jew. But at the same time they learn the real meaning of understanding as practiced by Abraham Lincoln and Jesus. Furthermore, they offer idealistic young people a constructive alternative to irresponsible left-wing and right-wing groups.

Panels of Americans have received numerous awards and recognition from their communities. Last year the Carnegie Tech group was awarded the $500 Levinson Foundation Award for "making the greatest individual contribution to the principles of brotherhood in Pittsburgh." The Purdue group received a Freedoms Foundation Award for 1956.

One of the most memorable tributes was that paid a panel which appeared before a noisy, cynical convention of United Steelworkers of America.

When the last speaker finished, the union men rose and gave their visitors a five-minute standing ovation.

A visibly impressed officer told them: "The only other time these tough guys gave anyone a standing ovation was when they were addressed by Phil Murray. And in our league, you can't bat any higher than that!"

Famous Foibles

PLAYING with his children was President Theodore Roosevelt's chief delight, and "Follow the Leader" a favorite game. The children would race wildly behind their father, through swamps and brambles, across anything in their path.

One day, Roosevelt invited the French ambassador, then visiting the White House, to join the romp—the only rule being that when the players reached water, all clothing be shed and everyone go through in best nudist style.

When the ambassador emerged ready to play, Roosevelt cried out, "Not fair! You left your gloves on!"

"But," replied the ambassador, "I was afraid I might meet ladies."

—*The Arts of Leisure*, MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE (Whittlesey House)

THE PEOPLE OF ROME spoke of Michelangelo as the man with four souls because he excelled in architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry. His skill had produced many of the city's buildings and statues. When he became ill in his 88th year and it was evident that he was near death, a group of his friends gathered at his bedside. One of them said grievingly, "Michelangelo, how will Rome get along without you?"

With a weak wave of his hand toward the open window and the city beyond, filled with creations of his genius, he answered, "Rome will never be without me." —LESTER L. SUTTON

ISADORA DUNCAN, the great dancer, once wrote to George Bernard Shaw and suggested, or so the wits say: "We two ought to have a child, so it could inherit my beauty and your brains."

Shaw reportedly wrote back: "Madam, I am flattered—but suppose it turned out to have my beauty and your brains?"

—*Best Jokes for All Occasions*, POWERS MOULTON (Perma Books)

A VISITOR once commented to Niels Bohr, the famous atom scientist and Nobel prize winner: "I'm surprised to see that you have a horseshoe hanging over your door. Do you, a man dedicated to science, believe in that superstition?"

"Of course not," smiled Bohr, "but I've been told that it's supposed to be lucky whether you believe in it or not."

—*Quote*

[redacted]

YUL BRYNNER

jack of all mimes

by Richard G. Hubler

IT WAS AN HISTORIC MOMENT, theaterwise, when Yul Brynner stood in front of his mirror and decided the devil with his hair. He was more than half-bald, with a sparse scalp-lock in the middle. Most actors would have resorted to a toupee. Brynner, characteristically, went to the other extreme and shaved his entire skull.

Since then, the forthright, graceful Swiss-Mongolian actor has made himself famous on stage and screen as the best-known alopephile (lover of baldness) in the business.

For exactly four years on Broadway and on road tours, this beetle-browed, self-assured jack-of-all-mimes was the semi-nude, muscular King Mongkut of Siam in the stage production of *The King and I.* He repeated the role for 20th Century-Fox in a picture that has so far grossed more than $8,000,000—and won him the Academy Award. As Pharaoh Rameses II in *The Ten Commandments,* he was more of the same. In his third film, *Anastasia,* he was still bald as a coot. His fourth big picture, promised in 1958, is *The Brothers Karamazov.* In it he will have a head of tousled hair. "Black," he says, "like mine, when I use it."

Brynner has been artificially bald for the past six years. He must have his head shaved by a barber (sometimes his wife does it) every day, twice if he goes to a party. The hair of an actor is useful for delimiting his expressions—but Brynner has increased the circumference of his scowl until a frown curls the muscles on the back of his neck. His spare Oriental features, deep-set brown

(Left) Artist Tom Allen portrays Brynner as Brynner sees himself: "A virile, caged animal," who is a great lover, athlete, musician, cameraman, actor and director.

eyes, and sturdy 180-pound body belie his height of just under six feet. He has a pug nose with flaring nostrils, full mouth, and ears that look pasted to his head just around the corner from his high cheekbones.

Traditionally, a bald head has indicated virility; and Brynner has found that his hairlessness gives him sex appeal. A fold of his frontal bone comes down forbiddingly over his eyes, enabling him to peer upward in a "caged animal" effect that makes some females swoon. It is noteworthy that all his roles so far have been of the actor-proof, half-brutal, half-pathetic type.

THOUGH not a great actor (something he is the first to reluctantly admit) Brynner is an excellent one. He is also an outstanding television director, which he prefers to acting. "An actor can only play one part," he declares, "a director can play them all."

Yet, no one of these aptitudes is the true Brynner. His virtuoso talent lies in sheer improvisation. Part of what he does in directing and acting is based on experience and special training—but a large part is on-the-spot inspiration. This sort of acting is an old habit of his.

A good example is his own personal history. He has made up much of his life on the spur of the moment; and it is possible that, at this point, he finds it difficult to distinguish the hard truth from the soft.

Brynner was born either in 1915 (by the World Almanac) or in 1920 (he says) either on the island of Sakhalin in the Pacific or in Vladivostok or in Moscow or possibly in Berne, Switzerland. He is the son either of a Swiss importer-exporter named Boris Bryner and a Rumanian gypsy mother—or of a Mongolian warlord named Taidje Khan and a Russian-Mongol actress named Maria Blagovidova.

In 1925, Brynner was either five or ten when, according to him, his father established a profitable export-import business with headquarters in Berne and branches in the Far East, and also was a promoter of silver-and-lead mining interests. He says his father died in 1949.

One report has it that Yul's mother went to France in 1934 under a Swiss passport, and spent five and a half years there. During that period (Brynner says) he studied drama with exotic coaches, joined a circus as a trapeze artist and fractured several bones on his left side, was a Biarritz lifeguard, a professional jai alai player; and, to top it all, he acquired the equivalent of a B.A. and M.A. simultaneously from the Sorbonne in 1939.

Less prosaic accounts suggest that he attended fashionable boarding schools at Versailles and Lausanne, on funds forwarded to Paris by his father from Russia and Switzerland. He learned to play the guitar and sing gypsy ballads by playing hooky in Parisian night clubs. He learned English words and ways during vacations in that country.

Brynner claims he tried to join the French army in 1940 during the Nazi invasion; and when he was rejected (because of his trapeze injuries) he left France and went to visit his father in Peiping. In 1941, he came to the United States. His career thereafter is fairly well defined.

In the U.S., Brynner joined the troupe of Michael Chekhov players in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and proved the most eccentric of that eccentric group. He invented his romantic past on the spot, decorating it with risqué gobbledygook songs accompanied by his guitar and rendered from a crosslegged squat. He was acknowledged to be an eager pupil and an apt actor. He draped his room with crimson hangings and was considered by the theosophical-minded as "a very old soul, someone on his last reincarnation." Finally, he toured in an arty Chekhovite version of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*—in a minor role.

Back in New York, he got a trio of jobs: announcing for the Office of War Information, a night-club turn, and entertaining at Park Avenue parties. "I've done everything to earn a buck," he says, "and hated every minute of it." His own energy prompted this schedule, but he explained to others, "I just got my grandmother out of China. She's sick. I need the money."

Then Brynner got, and faked, the role of a Cajun in a play called *The Moon Vine*. It folded and he met a young Hollywood starlet named Virginia Gilmore, sang her a few gypsy lyrics and told her his quasi-factual history. In 1943 they were married. "I was tired of being a gigolo," Brynner is reported to have said.

His wife was more successful than he, getting work in a dozen plays. Then, in 1946, when Brynner appeared in *Lute Song*—his first leading role—she retired. She had their first child, Rocky, the same year. In 1947, Brynner became an American citizen.

Things went badly for the Brynners. Yul did a play in London called *Dark Eyes*, and came home broke. Then in 1949 they got a husband-and-wife stint on TV that ran for nine weeks. The pay was small, but it gave Brynner a chance to shoehorn himself into the new medium.

His instinct to improvise gave him instant status as an oracle. Brynner had never lost confidence in himself, and as a director he managed the TV lens as a tool instead of being dominated by it.

He became famous for cursing advertisers and producers in a half-dozen languages. (Brynner claims he can speak Mongolian, Romany, English, French, Japanese, Chinese, Russian, Korean and Malayan.) More than once he stretched himself out on a couch during an on-the-air performance and said languidly to a frantic assistant: "You take over, I'm tired."

Despite the fact that his dictatorial ways had him fired a couple of times by irate bosses, Brynner did well. He had the absolute trust of the people who actually created the show. His salary jumped from $150 a week to more than $1,000. He was always taking chances. Nine times out of ten he was right.

In 1950, the stage show of *The King and I* was ready to be cast, with no king in sight. Brynner was approached. He did not even read the script. Instead, he played the guitar crosslegged and sang a couple of eerie tunes. The role became his.

Brynner is much fonder of his

stage personalities than he is of his own. He considers his private life inviolable. He protects it by overloading his biographers with nonsense, and blandly adding: "Pick what you like and print it." In his off moments he is likely to be found tinkering with model trains, idly eating, or building furniture out of odd materials.

He assumes a special manner when he is on stage, a winning arrogance. At his office in Paramount Studios—Brynner has his own company, Alcoina, for which he intends to make his own pictures—there is a huge French poster. It shows him as King Mongkut with the legend below: *Cet homme vous fascinera!*

This motto seems true of the female at least. Brynner has three relatives: an aunt Vera, her daughter Irene, and a sister Vera—who idolize him. His wife confesses to the same combination of tenderness and protective adoration.

Brynner thinks women admire him for something other than his art. He recalls that during the famous "whipping scene" in *The King and I*—into which he put so much vim that he had an oxygen tank moved into his dressing room to revive his energy afterward—he heard a woman comment from the audience: "Hasn't he got dreamy muscles!"

What seeems to give Brynner his audience magnetism is an animal enthusiasm. He is indignant when anyone sleeps too much or wastes a moment. He indulges in water-skiing with passion and is credited with a jump of 85 feet.

He has set ideas about his profession. "Good acting should not be reading lines but creating a kind of contagion in the audience. If I did this once or twice a month in a play, I was happy. I would like to move people into an intenser feeling, a greater awareness of life."

Brynner is an addict of pantomime and gesture. He dislikes lines. He believes that motion pictures are beginning to regain some of their old glamor. He quotes a friend: "TV has reduced Hollywood to making masterpieces."

His estimated income in 1956, according to Brynner, was $500,000; actually it was probably about $300,000. He will probably make well over half a million in salary in 1957.

His asking price per picture is about $300,000, plus 10 per cent of the gross.

Brynner's name, which has often bothered his biographers, is easy to explain. Christened Bryner (pronounced Briner), he added another "n" to flatten the sound into a more pleasing tone. As for Yul: "It's a Mongolian name. It can mean 'beyond the horizon' or it can be just a war cry pronounced 'Yaugh!' "

It is likely that the stage has Brynner's entire artistic devotion, and of his personal genius there can be no question. His associates' opinions of him are inclined to be lush, with a sting at the end.

Says one: "Yul is genuinely simple, in a royal way."

Another: "His will is absolutely iron—and, fortunately, he is usually right."

Brynner himself is inclined to be more sardonic. Says he, sagely: "I'm just an old-fashioned, clean-cut Mongolian boy."

with LOVE we live...

On March 15, 1955, a young woman tried to leap from an eighth floor window in New York. That same month, in Newark, New Jersey, a man swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills. Later they met as mental patients, married and found a new life. In gratitude for their rebirth, and in the hope of aiding others as desperate as they were, they are telling their story. The names are fictitious. — THE EDITORS.

by MARIAN AND HAROLD STONE *as told to* BETTY FRIEDAN

vith love, we live..

MARIAN: At 11 A.M., instead of going out for coffee, I went to my office window and opened it. I climbed up on the sill. It was raining. My legs felt cold.

I heard windows opening, people yelling. Someone behind me grabbed my arm. Voices cried: "Don't, Marian!" I lunged forward.

All I remember as I hung there outside that window was wanting them to let go of my arm. Let me fall. Let me die. No one who hasn't tried to kill himself can imagine the way you concentrate completely only on how you're going to do it. You don't think about afterwards. I hadn't even thought who would take Jimmy to school the next morning.

I'd taken him that morning, as I did every morning before I went to work. He was eight, but I wouldn't let him go by himself. Not with those detectives following me, to prove I was an unworthy mother. They would take Jimmy away.

When they learn about me, people always leave me. My husband left me. My mother died and left me. I had four dates with a man named Gus this winter. When I told him I was divorced and had a child, he never called again. Everybody else is a couple, a family; I am alone, an outcast.

Last night I called everyone I could think of, just to keep from being alone, trembling. But we couldn't talk. They were tapping my phone. I turned the radio on, just to hear voices. Then I fell asleep on the couch, with my clothes on and the radio blaring. The phone woke me up, shuddering, at 4 A.M. No one was on the line.

All I'd thought about for a month was how I could kill myself, to escape all this. Now—oh, why wouldn't they let go of my arm!

I remember the policeman reaching for me from the fire escape, swinging me toward him, saying: ". . . mental hospital." The voices on the phone asking about hospitals. Then someone was saying, "Hillside . . . voluntary, nonprofit mental hospital . . ."

I can remember the kind Santa Claus look of Dr. Miller, the short, round chief psychiatrist at Hillside, but not the questions he asked. Shock treatment blurs the memory. I remember the social worker in the lime-green jumper saying to me, softly, "Don't be frightened."

Hillside looked like a college campus, tucked in among the streets of all-alike houses at the end of Union Turnpike in Queens, New York. Modern low brick buildings with picture windows, and crocuses on the lawn.

I don't remember who told me: "Every mental patient has been emotionally deprived. We help fill their human needs—to love, even to hate—through human relationships. We believe that there is no drug as powerful as human understanding, respect—and love."

I do remember, on the path under the pine trees, a thin, short, unshaven old man, pacing in jerky steps with his eyes on the ground. When he looked at me sweat came out on his forehead. I thought, he is even more alone than I. . . .

HAROLD: I was that "old man." I was 28. She doesn't know I play the piano, I thought. Away from my piano, I am nothing. Empty, falling apart inside. I was afraid, going down that Hillside path for my appointment with the psychiatrist. Three times a week, I have to talk to him about my feelings.

"I don't have any feelings," I told the doctor. "I've never had any feelings."

I am afraid to talk to people. All my life I've done nothing but practice the piano. Seven hours a day. The piano kept me from being afraid. Only I can't play the piano any more. That's why I tried to kill myself.

The doctor keeps interrupting me. "What really happened?" Nobody interrupted me when I was practicing. My mother kept the house quiet. The kids playing outside could hear my piano. I was afraid of them. I was shorter; I skipped two grades. They chased me.

I never had a friend. I didn't know what to do on a date. It didn't matter. I had to practice, to be as good as Rubinstein. But when people came to our house, and my parents asked me to play, I locked myself in my room.

When I was 27, I moved into an apartment in Greenwich Village. I gave group piano lessons. The children wouldn't pay attention to me. They laughed, yelled, called me things.

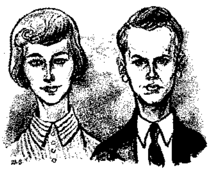
Suddenly I didn't want to practice any more. The piano stood in the corner, a great black monster. I walked all over the Village to get away from it. Couples passed me, holding hands. What did they say to each other? I didn't know. All I knew how to do was practice.

Finally, I got the sleeping pills. They weren't strong enough to kill me, of course. "What are you trying to do to us?" my father asked.

I was many months at Hillside before I began to know. I remember the first day I *looked* at my doctor. He was late for lunch. I saw him rushing down the walk. I hoped he would get served.

And then, I was *angry* at him for making me feel friendly and look at people. "I must make people into nothing," I told him. "I can't let them get near me. I am so weak, they will destroy me."

But at Hillside I couldn't lock myself in my room. No locks on the doors. So I sat with the other pa-



tients on the sundeck, went with them to Occupational Therapy. I sat by myself on the window sill, and stared out. Mrs. Fisher, the OT director, passed me on the way to the ceramics table and smiled.

That pale, tired woman I had seen on the path was molding clay. The boy who kept saying prayers and the fat man who cried were putting blue glaze on ash trays. I could hear them talking. I am a pianist, I thought, I have to be a great pianist, I can't do anything else.

Mrs. Fisher looked up and asked: "Want some clay like Marian's?" I wasn't scared of *her,* she was so thin and trembly. Why shouldn't I, I thought, what can happen? I went over to the table.

"Is it a bowl?" I didn't know how to talk to people. She frowned, and her hands trembled.

"It's no good," she said. "It isn't perfectly round."

I was talking to people, and nothing happened to me. Maybe I didn't have to play the piano. I could do whatever I wanted, what other people do.

"Do you really like it?" that Marian asked. Her hands molded the clay without trembling, now. . . .

MARIAN: I was always trembling inside, until my fourth month at Hillside. Funny how the earthquake of a shock treatment helped to stop my trembling. They only use drugs or shock at Hillside if it's necessary—to help psychotherapy reach you. The nurse smiled at me so gently as I awoke out of shock not knowing what day it was.

"You must be starved for breakfast," she said. Funny, how that warm thing coming out to you from all the Hillside attendants slowed the trembling inside.

Suddenly, I remembered what day it was. I was supposed to help Harold Stone in the canteen. I ran all the way. Harold looked different from the first day I saw him on the path. Taller. He didn't stare at the ground any more.

"I'm sorry I was late," I said.

"Don't worry about it," he smiled. "Help me close up for lunch." He wasn't angry. Funny, a man who didn't make me tremble inside, who didn't make me feel guilty.

During the next hour with my doctor, I suddenly remembered that spelling contest. I had been so proud of winning third prize, I couldn't wait to tell Daddy. All he said was: "Who won the first two prizes?"

"Were you angry?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, no," I said. "Mother always was proud that I never lost my temper. We had a perfect family. Everyone loved each other, no one got mad. I just wasn't good enough. My sisters were so pretty, and I was ugly."

I wasn't angry when my husband left me. It was my fault. Why should any man want to stay with me? No matter how hard I tried to make it up to Jimmy for depriving him of a father, no matter how hard I worked to be a perfect mother, I trembled more and more inside. It was too late to make it up to my mother; I couldn't even cry at her funeral.

"What were you making up for?" the doctor asked. "You can feel angry, and love someone, too." Did I have to be a perfect daughter, a perfect mother, to hide my anger inside? I never even *knew* I was angry inside.

One day I threw my tray on the Hillside floor. It was *not* my fault that the waitress bumped me and made my food a soggy mess. It was okay to get angry at Hillside. . . .

Dr. Miller passed by on his rounds. "How are you, Marian?"

"Fine," I grinned. "I've been kicking myself off a pedestal."

"It's not so bad, down on the ground, is it?" he said. So good, not having to be perfect.

One day, the love for my mother I'd buried with the anger came over me, and I cried the tears I couldn't cry before. I no longer trembled inside. They discontinued shock treatment. I felt like eating again—and wearing a purple jersey open-neck blouse, because I felt like dressing up.

They called me for my mid-hospital conference. I faced the psychiatrists, the social workers, the psychologists, around the long conference table. They asked questions about the detectives who had been following me.

"I guess it was easier to think somebody was following me than nobody caring for me at all," I said. "I guess I was angry at my mother, at my husband for leaving me. They were following me because they wanted to punish me. Nobody's following me now. But I can't forgive myself for what I almost did to Jimmy, trying to kill myself."

"Maybe you weren't really trying to kill yourself," the doctor said. "People may try to commit suicide because they want to start all over again."

I knew now that I *was* beginning over again. The great weight of guilt was gone from my shoulders. To feel that serene comfortable feeling "I'm okay as I am"—when you've never felt it before—is like being reborn.

But too late. I sat there at the Halloween Dance, and cried inside for the wasted years. I was too old, 33. No man would ever hold me in his arms again. No one asked me to dance.

You wouldn't guess we were sick—Nancy with the flowers in her beautiful blonde pony tail, me in my purple blouse, Harold Stone sitting next to me against the wall. But we are all so alone. Even though they say to us, "You are not alone"—that is our illness.

Suddenly, Harold got up, went over to the band, said something to them. The pianist grinned and got up, and Harold sat down at the piano.

We didn't know he played the piano. He played old songs, "Night and Day," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Smiling and playing as if he'd played with that band always. He was looking at us, as if he felt so

with love, we live...

good and happy, and I felt as if he were playing for us.

People started to dance, to talk to each other. We were not alone. It was a *good* party, a gay party—and suddenly everyone started clapping and clapping. There were tears in my eyes, I felt so glad for Harold.

HAROLD: It was the first time in my life I ever played the piano for other people, not for myself alone. I felt the music going out to them, and their dancing to it, and my piano wasn't a solitary pinnacle. The first time I ever felt plain happy playing the piano, not driven, each measure as good as Rubinstein.

Afterwards, I asked Marian to dance. She looked like a nice dish, in that purple blouse.

The next day, I was depressed. I stayed in my room and didn't shave. I hadn't done that for a long time. "I'll never get well," I cried to the doctor.

"Heard you gave a pretty good concert last night," he said.

Why didn't I want to tell the doctor about the concert? Maybe I was afraid to let him know I was getting well, because then I'd have to leave the hospital. At Hillside, I could talk to people without being afraid. They thought I was okay. What would happen to me "outside"? I didn't want to go back home and be the great musician. But what else could I do? What would happen to me alone in the city?

They say at Hillside that you just *begin* to get well in the hospital. The real work is after you leave, to root your new patterns in real life. But I didn't have to do it alone, or go back home either. I could go into a sort of foster home—a private home, where I'd be half boarder, half member of the family, near the Hillside League, a sort of clubhouse where all the people who get out of Hillside can come evenings. I'd also go to Hillside's outpatient clinic in the city three times a week.

The Sunday before I left, I walked by the cottages. Marian was sitting on her porch, alone. I was still frightened, talking to a woman, alone. But, somehow, I was not frightened with her. We walked out to the picnic grounds and sat on the grass. I found myself telling her how I couldn't talk to girls.

Before I came to Hillside, I wore elevated shoes. Summers, playing band engagements, during the breaks the other guys wandered around picking up girls. I'd just sit there waiting for them to be over.

"I'm afraid before every word I get out, talking to a girl," I told Marian.

"I don't believe it," she said. "I've been afraid of you, you seem like such a man of the world." Then she smiled at me. "Anyhow, you've been talking to me, and I'm a girl."

"I have to go in now," I said. I

felt afraid suddenly. I walked away, leaving her there on the grass. . . .

It's terrifying, outside, at first. The secretaries at the employment agencies asked my experience and all I could say was piano. "We don't handle musicians." But I don't want to be a musician, I'll try anything. Almost 30, no experience, you're nothing—they made me feel empty, falling apart again. "Fill out this blank, we'll get in touch with you."

I might have thrown in the towel except for the foster mother Hillside sent me to. Madame Le Merdy had silvering black hair piled on top of her head, big black eyes and sweeping gestures. In that glowing pink-walled apartment on West End Avenue she fed me and 80-year-old Mrs. Gruber and a young woman whose feet were too swollen to walk, "not kitchen food, but moral food."

She gave me tea and fat little cookies after the hopeless agency rounds. "Nerves need nourishment, fat you can use," she said—I was up to 115 now. "Tomorrow is another day, *beaucoup de courage*."

By June, I was desperate. A grown man not able to support himself. Maybe if I put on my elevated shoes again I could get a job.

I walked over to the Hillside League—the big loft, over the movie house on Broadway, with the sign on the wall: "We're all in the same boat."

"Harold," Marian said, "how are you? I just got out, you know." She wasn't thin now. I walked her home.

MARIAN: . . . the last Friday in June. I'd left Hillside gladly, thankful for the wonderful feeling of being accepted and loved and worthwhile, and of being able to have these feelings toward others. Jimmy was still with his father. I thought of calling girls from the office. But what if I heard noises on the wire again? The sight of my apartment brought back the memory of those terrible, lonely nights.

"I know how it is," Harold said. And he took my hand.

And, suddenly, it was heaven. Just to be alive. Free. In the world again. To be walking down Broadway in the light summer rain. A little boy was looking longingly at a man selling ice cream. We bought him a cone.

Oranges were overflowing from an open-market bin. "I love orangeade," Harold said. So good, to buy oranges in the rain. My apartment glowed in the lamplight. I squeezed the oranges. Harold kissed me. "That's been coming since that Sunday on the grass," he said.

And then, suddenly, he just got up and walked out the door. . . .

I woke up, trembling, to hear the phone ringing. It was the hallucinations again. The phone couldn't be ringing at 5 A.M. It wouldn't stop. I started to cry. I made myself pick up the phone.

"It's me," Harold said, accusingly. "I've been walking around the city for hours. I can't get you out of my mind."

I had to laugh. It was so funny. "I thought you were an hallucination," I said. He sounded just like he looked that day he walked away. Angry. "Where are you?" I said.

"Around the corner."

I went down and let him in. . . .

with love,
we live...

HAROLD: I finally took a club job out in Brooklyn. "Chuck," the bandleader, was six feet tall. He sneered because I didn't have a tuxedo. When I missed a few beats in "Cha Cha," he glared at me. I started to shiver. I wasn't Rubinstein, I wasn't Art Tatum, I was nothing.

The band took a break at 10:50. I almost didn't leave the piano bench. Then I saw the phone booth. I called Marian. "I hate the whole business," I said. "I can't even play the piano."

"Maybe you're just rusty after a year in the hospital," she said. I never thought of that.

I missed the beat on a rock and roll number. Chuck took the sax out of his mouth and glared. I took my hands off the keys and glared back. For a second, the music stopped—then Chuck went on playing and so did I. I felt good. One o'clock, two o'clock, rock and roll.

MARIAN: I'd sit in the apartment and wait for 10:50, for the phone to ring. It was so different from those terrible nights alone. Except I had to tell him soon about my divorce. Summer was over, and Jimmy would be coming home. When I had told Gus, that spring before I went to Hillside, he never called again.

I told Harold, at Sunday dinner, about my divorce and my son. He said: "So? More potatoes, please. Did I ever tell you I like the way you mash potatoes? When do I meet him?" They met—and liked each other.

At 10:50 now, I could tell Harold about my worries over Jimmy. I was afraid he wouldn't want to stay with me, he'd want to go back to his father.

Jimmy had become a baseball fan. I never knew beans about baseball. "Oh Mom, you're so dumb," he'd say. He wanted me to take him to a big league game every Saturday. I said we couldn't afford it, he could watch it on television. I guess I had never refused him anything before.

"Maybe you're not so dumb any more," Harold said.

Then he didn't call for four nights. I thought he'd met another girl. Everybody has always left me. Maybe he was sick though. I called him. A woman answered.

HAROLD: Madame Le Merdy told me, "I like the voice of that girl. Bring her for dinner."

But I couldn't. I'd glared back once too often at Chuck, and lost the job. I couldn't bear the thought of those employment agencies again.

"I don't even have the piano to go back to," I told the doctor at the Hillside after-care clinic. "I can't kid myself any longer. I'm just not that good."

"You have to be better than Beethoven to get satisfaction from music?" the doctor said. "Maybe you could get satisfaction being just a man, among men. What is music, but for man to enjoy?"

I don't know. Did I enjoy music? My piano was a solitary pinnacle. It was the piano, wasn't it, that kept me away from people all these years? How could I be a man among men? I couldn't even get a job selling brushes. I told Marian, "Why do you bother with me? Find a man to take you out."

"What I need is a man to stay home with," Marian said.

I did bring Marian to Madame Le Merdy's. I never brought a girl home to dinner before. She took Marian out in the kitchen. Their voices, laughing, sounded like music. I sat down and played Chopin, just for the heck of it.

MARIAN: Harold was supposed to meet me at the Penn Station information booth at 11, to go to the beach. I got there a few minutes after. He was walking away. I ran after him all the way around the station—and back to the information booth.

"I thought you weren't coming," he said.

"I thought you were going away," I said. We both started to cry, like crazy.

I thought he was going away, and never coming back. Like my mother, my husband, Gus. Only, this is here, now, not then. It takes me so long to know that. This is I, in love with a man who is unemployed, a man who gets black moods and walks out and comes back, a man who cries.

We took the subway to Coney Island and necked in the sun like the rest of the friendly crowd. And I said, "I love you," without thinking. . . .

He didn't show up for dinner the next night.

HAROLD: I'm afraid of words like love, marriage. Who get married, me? I can't take care of myself. Other people have to take care of me. How could I take care of a family? Crazy to keep going to Marian's. She should never have said she loved me. So beautiful, her saying she loved me.

I walked over to the League. I was talking to Nancy, the pony-tail blonde from Hillside, when Marian came in. I saw her look, turn around, and run down the stairs.

I knew what she was feeling. (I never did know what anyone else was feeling before.) I never even knew what *I* felt. I ran after her.

"Don't you see," I said. "You're more beautiful than any blonde. I love you."

But early in the morning, I walked out again. I couldn't get married, I couldn't get a job.

But, of course, I found a job. Running a jazz workshop, where guys from different bands came in to try new arrangements and teen-agers to get real practice. I had to talk to at least six new people every day. Mostly, they listened. Surprisingly enough, when they didn't, it didn't kill me.

Marian came over during her coffee break at the office to bring me sandwiches for lunch. I left Madame Le Merdy's for a cheaper room I could finance myself, and I began paying my own way at the clinic.

On New Year's Eve, jamming "Auld Lang Syne" with those teen-agers, catching Marian's eye over their heads, I suddenly felt like a towering thimble of strength. Who needs elevated shoes? Maybe I'll never be a Tatum, but I was playing in tune with the human race. It just hit me how two years ago I tried to kill myself—how we always have more chances.

MARIAN: We were married at Madame Le Merdy's in April. My father said, amazed and for the first time ever: "You look beautiful." Jimmy giggled.

I came down Le Merdy's long hall on my father's arm, shaking, and saw Harold's back. I was afraid to look at him for fear he'd walk away again. But he didn't. I've never seen him look so calm and happy. He took me from my father's arm as if he were really taking over.

Madame Le Merdy sang at our wedding, "Ah, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee." Funny, how you suddenly *hear* the words of a song. . . .

We live now in a small house in New Jersey. Harold has put on 20 pounds on my cooking, and no one would possibly mistake him for a "thin old man." I have quit work. We are active in our church, Little League, community theater. Our house is full of friends. Only the other day we wrote with deep gratitude to Hillside: "The gift of love you gave us eventually proved stronger than any sickness."

Vacation Highlights

A TOURIST climbed off the bus in Coal River, Canada, on the Alcan Highway, eyed my flowing red beard and asked if he could take my picture. Without waiting for an answer he stepped back and snapped away.

"You're the most colorful character I've met so far," he said, looking me up and down. "Are you just in for supplies?"

"Yes," I said. "A grizzly bear broke into my shack and got my sugar. I just came in to get some more." I didn't want to disappoint him by telling him I was a tourist myself, from Denver, Colorado.

—RICHARD K. MORRIS

A VACATIONER who ate his meals at restaurants was very fussy indeed about his breakfast eggs. They had to be boiled exactly three-and-a-half minutes. So seldom did he get them exactly to suit him that he finally bought a stop watch.

"Tell your cook," he instructed the waitress at one eating establishment, "to time my eggs with this. He should be able to do the job right now!" However, when the eggs came, he bellowed: "Waitress! These eggs aren't even half cooked. I can't eat them. They're no good at all!"

"Neither is your watch, mister!" the waitress snapped thumping it down beside his plate. "The fool thing stopped five seconds after the cook put it in the boiling water with the eggs."

—*Wall Street Journal*

"THAT'S MY HENRY...
YELLOW PAGES

...I keep telling him,

If you want it fixed right and fixed right away look under lawn mowers—repairing in the **Yellow Pages"**

the adventures of the KILOCYCLE COPS

by Erwin van Swol

FROM SOMEWHERE in the Pacific, five adventurers, one a woman, sent out a radio distress call. For almost three months they had been drifting on the balsa raft *Cantuta*. Now their food was gone, their strength ebbing. The sea had won.

A giant whirlpool had trapped them in an aimless circle for most of February. This was not according to plan. On December 4, 1955, they had set out from Talara, Peru, in an attempt to drift on the Humbolt current to the Polynesian islands, as the raft *Kon-Tiki* had done eight years before. Now they were clinging helplessly to a tossing dot on the turbulent ocean, sending their pitiful pleas into the air.

The ships *Rehoboth* and *Greenville Victory,* the latter returning from an Antarctic mission, were deployed to the rescue. But their quarry was like an elusive needle in a shifting haystack. The five on the raft could not sight the flares the ships were sending up. Worse, the raft's radio was weakening. Once silence came, it would be permanent. The situation was desperate.

The Coast Guard called on the Federal Communications Commission for help. Almost instantly, the FCC's 18-unit monitoring network, thousands of miles away, began probing the air with supersensitive receivers for the raft's feeble radio calls. Great directional aerials, like pointing fingers, swung in searching arcs.

First one, then another picked up the sound of the raft's transmitter. The teletypewriters connecting the units clacked. Together the monitors pinpointed the raft's location to an exact spot a thousand miles northwest of the Galápagos Islands.

The mercy ships promptly changed course. The *Rehoboth* made the rescue, and the Coast Guard notified the FCC: "Your position fixes were within five miles of raft *Cantuta.*"

That kind of miracle, though not often under such dramatic circumstances, the FCC Field Engineering and Monitoring Bureau performed 100,000 times last year; 60,000 of them in tracking weather balloons. It undoubtedly saved hundreds of lives on ships and planes and, besides, silenced nearly 150 bootleg transmitting stations.

Today, nearly 60,000 ships use radio to communicate. Air trans-

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portation utilizes 54,000 stations. Police departments employ a total of 300,000 transmitters. There are 3,500 fire departments with 39,000 transmitters. Amateurs operate 157,000 stations. Besides that, land transportation, industry and commercial communications are heavy users of the wave lengths.

From this you can get an idea of the magnitude of the FCC's air waves policing job, done with 372 employees and an appropriation of less than $2,500,000.

You enjoy the result of its efforts every time you light up a television set and see an undistorted picture, or snap on a radio receiver and hear clear sound. Radio or TV reception free from electrical interference is taken for granted—until you don't get it.

In the last reported 12-month period, the FCC received more than 19,000 protests about interference. Of these, complaints about black-and-white television numbered over 15,000, color TV exactly 5, AM and FM radio broadcasts 2,500-plus, amateur (ham) operations only 418, other services added the rest.

Since, obviously, you can get more than one indignant complaint as the result of the same cause of interference—interference being like the circular waves caused when you toss a rock into a placid pond—the 19,000-plus cases boiled down to slightly more than 13,000 investigative cases. That's a terrific load, and the FCC is staggering under it.

Typical is the case of the 201 families in a housing development just outside Fort Devens, near Ayer, Massachusetts. Their TV sets went haywire—half pictures, wavy pictures, no pictures. And when the repairmen told each of them, "Your set is O.K.; the interference comes from outside," and charged each the usual service fee, their screams rocked the FCC's Boston office.

Its engineers analyzed the complaints, and advised: "Tell your local power company to check." But power company workers and harassed volunteers failed to find the source. So the monitoring service sent out a mobile unit, which narrowed the origin of the trouble to faulty equipment on a power-line pole. When this mechanism was replaced, 201 families promptly began enjoying television again.

What complicates the air wave sleuthing problem for the FCC is that the source of the interference may be next door—or a continent away. When an airline reported that something was disrupting its communications, the monitoring station at Lanikai, Oahu, Hawaii, furnished one of the bearings that revealed a defective aeronautical transmitter at the Chicago Midway Airport.

Similarly, weak SOS distress signals heard over the whole midwestern and eastern part of the U.S. set in motion frantic search and rescue operations. The FCC monitoring network, including Kingsville, Texas, 1,100 miles away, zeroed-in the calls to Kokomo, Indiana.

In that city, mobile units—automobiles with directional antennae, the same principle as used by the big monitors—tracked the calls for help to a factory trying out its product: small distress transmitters used in planes and boats. The company

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agreed to confine future testing to shielded rooms from which the signals could not escape—and about a quarter of the nation relaxed.

With the help of a tiny electronic gadget called a "sniffer," FCC kilocycle sleuths uncovered an ingenious attempt by sharpers to defraud the Narragansett Park, Rhode Island, race track. The scheme was based on the premise that in a short race the horse that breaks in front has the best chance to win. By using a portable transmitter concealed under his clothes, an "operator" at the starting line could flash his confederates. These boys all wore hearing aids that were actually miniature radio receivers, and when they got "the word" they would try to make a bet on the outside before the race was over.

Starting from several different points at the track, and accurately guided by their portable equipment to the direction from which the signals were strongest, the FCC men just kept going until they converged on their man.

THE crowded air waves are regulated by the FCC to prevent confusion. Imagine the different kilocycle frequencies to be like busy superhighways separated only by white lines, with traffic—bicycles, motorcycles, passenger cars, trucks, trailer rigs—flowing in opposite directions, each type in its own lane (frequency band) and each vehicle (radio or TV transmitter) distinguished by its own license plates (call letters). The same drivers travel the same route day after day.

Now, into this situation drops a foreign car or truck operated by a novice who isn't sure where he's going, or what the traffic rules are, and who can't see the white lines. How long before he would be noticed or cause a collision?

On the airways, the interloper—whether it is a bootleg station or an interfering noise—is spotted even quicker.

Inadequately shielded TV and other receivers which release annoying signals are among the monitors' most frequent headaches. But almost any electrical device can broadcast disturbing emissions: diathermy machines, arc welders, industrial heaters, garage-door openers, heater thermostats, remote-control units, electric fences, electric signs, even electric shavers. Name it, and if it runs by electricity it's probably a potential noisemaker.

The blotting out of an important aviation channel was traced to an ordinary heating pad. It backed up the electric current, and the house wiring circuit sent out powerful emissions tuned exactly to an aircraft wave length.

Television reception is more susceptible to interference than any other form of broadcast—about six times more so than common AM radio. That's saying considerable because, in one instance, interference with airplane radio communication on the West Coast was traced to an electric glue-drier in a furniture factory in Pennsylvania, 2,000 miles away.

Any strange or erratic signal can collide with or disrupt traffic on the ether lanes and that just can't be tolerated—too much is at stake. So

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the FCC's kilocycle cops must work efficiently and fast.

One pleasant evening last summer, the New York area was shocked by a mystery message. A frantic voice warned that 40 Russian bombers were approaching the city. "Get into your cellars," the announcer screamed.

He said he was broadcasting from Moscow, and had an accent that went along with his statement that he was with the British Broadcasting Corporation. A female voice playing a "Tokyo Rose" role, complete with song numbers, was an added fillip.

Indignant members of the Amateur Radio Emergency Corps, which can spot a phony from a long distance away, particularly while he's crying "wolf," swung into action with their directional loop antennae, and there was a mass convergence on a Long Island high-school parking lot. Car headlights picked out four teen-agers having a high old time in a radio-equipped car one of them had "borrowed" from his Dad. The pseudo Tokyo Rose was caught with her mouth open.

Papa had his transmitting license suspended for not being careful. Seems he had left the keys in the car, and that was too much of a temptation for his 17-year-old son.

A primary reason for policing the air is to save lives. The interference that blacks out a signal may blot out a life. Speed is of the essence.

Recently, a military transport plane, en route from Lagens Field in the Azores, to Dover, Delaware, developed engine trouble and called for help. The beam antennae of the monitoring system pointed the finger. The computers droned, and within 80 minutes delivered five position fixes that enabled search planes to locate the crippled transport and escort it safely to its destination with one propeller feathered.

In 1956, the 18 monitoring stations gave assistance to more than 100 ships and planes in distress. If for nothing more than this, the whole expenditure for the monitoring service could be more than justified. And it is reason enough why the air must be kept clear.

The transmitter of a fishing boat off the coast of California was accidentally turned on by the wrong throw of a switch. The interference was tracked by monitoring. When an FCC engineer pulled up alongside and said the transmitter was "on," nobody would believe him. He had to go aboard and show them.

The whole incident, from start to finish, lasted only two hours, but during that time the signal was hampering distress communications, including a call for help from a vessel aground in a fog.

How could a transmitter be on for two hours and nobody know? It was an old story to the kilocycle cops.

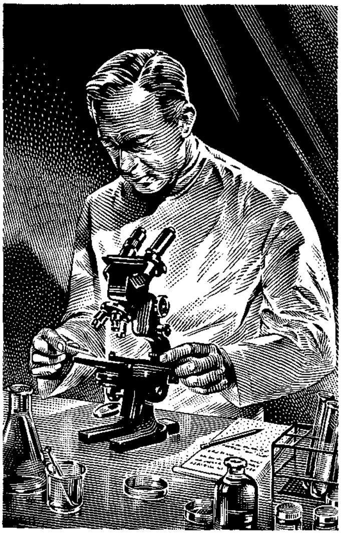
A mobile monitoring unit in Portland, Oregon, traced a strange signal to an apartment house. By using their pocket electronic gadgets, the engineers found the source of the sound.

It came from a homemade shortwave receiver which had been discarded for two years. But, unknown to the owner, the power cord was still plugged in with the switch "on." It was disconnected promptly and with the owner's enthusiastic ap-

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance
That Does Both —
Relieves Pain —
Shrinks Hemorrhoids



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And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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proval. He had found out at last why his electric bills were so high.

The gigantic job of combating man-made electrical disturbances shows no prospect of growing smaller, and the overworked FCC field staff obviously needs assistance. It hopes that increasingly this will come from John Q. Public himself.

The Commission is doing its best to encourage the establishment of Television Interference Committees. Already more than 500 are operating on a community basis; and Cooperative Interference Committees, covering areas as large as 10,000 square miles, are coming into being.

These are comprised of amateur radio operators, TV set owners, broadcasters, retailers, manufacturers, power companies, cab firms and others confronted with radio interference problems. Where they do run into a problem that stumps them, they call on the FCC's field offices for expert help.

What should you do if your radio or TV set acts up?

Just call your local repairman. If the trouble is not inside the cabinet, he'll almost certainly know where to apply for help in tracing the outside interference. But if he never heard of a TVI Committee, you can find out for yourself if there's one located in your vicinity by writing to the nearest field office of the FCC.

There are field offices in Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Atlanta, Savannah, Tampa, Miami, New Orleans, Mobile, Houston, Beaumont, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Denver, St. Paul, Kansas City, Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Honolulu, San Juan, Anchorage and Juneau. Headquarters, of course, are in Washington, D.C.

One warning, though: when sunspots and other disturbances disrupt the "ionosphere," that layer of ionized air far above the surface of the earth, the FCC gets swamped with complaints. At such times, TV signals occasionally jump across the continent and TV interference mushrooms.

What can be done about it? Nothing. The FCC can control man-made interference on the air waves, but the heavens themselves are beyond its jurisdiction.

Southern Exposure

A TRUE SOUTHERNER is one who will order Yankee pot roast in a restaurant, and then throw it out the window.

—DENISE LOR

PHOTO CREDITS: 5 top Eve Arnold from Magnum, center Allyn Baum; 8 20th Century-Fox; 10 top MGM, bottom Warner Bros.; 18 left George Zimbel from PIX, right John Masters from Black Star; 30, 32-3, 39 top, 40-42 Wide World Photos; 34, 36, 39 bottom INP; 35, 37-39 FPG; 41 bottom Black Star; 43 Louise Dahl-Wolfe; 58 Canadian National Film Board; 73-83 Archie Lieberman from Black Star; 113-121 Lopert Films; 122 left Monkmeyer, center & right FPG.

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WHO WILL HELP FANI?

Fani is 2. For her the war is not yet over. Only one year ago, her father was killed by a mine which had been planted by the rebels during the war in Greece. Bereft and desperate, the mother tries to look after her young child. "Home" is one damp room with floor of beaten earth. There are no facilities. Water is carried from the public fountain. The poor old grandfather shares his daily bread with Fani and her mother. He can do no more. In this depressed mountain area, Fani and her mother are destitute. There is no pension for the father's death—there is nowhere for them to turn. A graceful, sweet child, Fani is too young to comprehend her mother's grief, her tear-stained face—her anguish for her child whom she cannot even adequately feed, clothe or shelter. Your help to Fani will give her her daily bread, her clothes—and more, it will give this young mother a reason to live—to watch her child grow up. Won't you help a distressed child like Fani—for your help today means hope for tomorrow.

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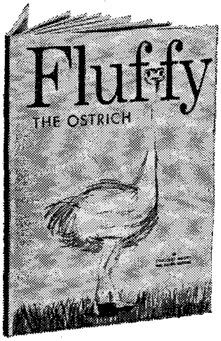

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Human Comedy

When the *Andrea Doria* disaster was top news, the mother of a boy in his late teens decided that she would like to read again the story of the sinking of the *Titanic*. She began a search for the book by Walter Lord which she knew she owned, but one bookcase after another failed to reveal the copy. Finally, she walked into her son's room and asked, "Have you had 'A Night To Remember' in here?"

Momentarily startled, he looked up wide-eyed. Then, grasping her meaning, he frowned with exaggerated naïveté and answered: "No, Mother, I never have."

—MILDRED BARNES TALMADGE

At a home-talent golf tournament the club secretary caught one of the members driving off about a foot in front of the teeing mark.

"Here!" he cried, indignantly. "You can't do that. You're disqualified!"

"What for?" demanded the golfer.

"Why, you just drove off in front of the mark."

The player looked at the secretary coldly. "Go back to the clubhouse," he said tersely, "I'm playing my third stroke."

—*Enos Magazine*

The day before last year's eclipse of the moon, my teacher-husband announced to his sixth-grade class that they should be sure to watch the total eclipse at 9 o'clock the following evening. He described it as one of the most wonderful shows that Nature would ever offer them, and stressed the fact that it would be free for everyone to enjoy.

When he had finished, a world-weary 11-year-old asked resignedly, "What channel will it be on?"

—DOROTHY GONSALVES

A few years ago I was employed in a Western bank as a teller. One day shortly before closing time, the chief clerk called me to assist him in the vault. We filled a metal tray with $5,000 in packaged twenties, tens and five-dollar bills.

Carrying the tray into a small room reserved for safe-deposit-box users, we placed the packaged bills in five $1,000 piles on a table before the two silent men seated there. After ten minutes, the men rose and, without a word, left the room.

The moment the door closed I said, "Ed, what goes here?"

"Larry," he replied, "those Indians have $5,000 deposited here. They come in every month to make sure their money is still here and we show it to them."

—L. P. HAMACKER

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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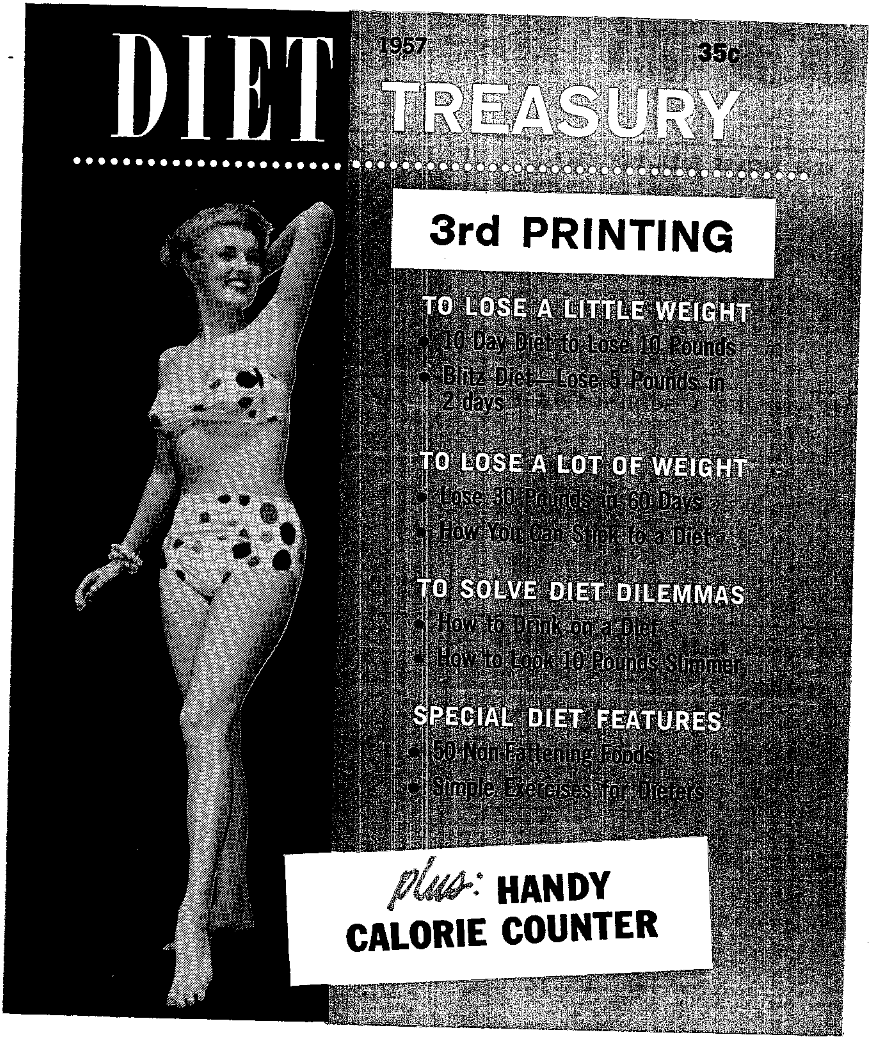

1957 35c

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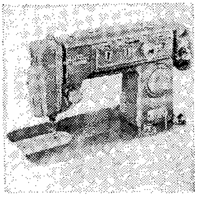
Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

FREE MORSE IDEA BOOKLET



Write today for your Free copy of the Morse Idea Booklet, "Tricks to Try on a New Morse Sewing Machine." Packed from cover to cover with ideas for creating original designer effects for home & family on the new Morse Sewing Machine! Send postcard with name, address to: Idea Booklet, Morse Sewing Machine & Supply Corp., 122 W. 26th St., New York 1.

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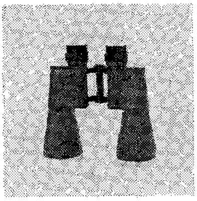
Powerful. Precision Made. Imported Top Quality. Prism Binoculars. Light weight. Critically sharp. Brilliant day or night viewing. Mfgd. to highest standards. Coated lenses, perfect finish. Best optical quality, low price. With Indiv. focus $22.95. With Center focus $26.95. 10% Fed. Excise Tax. Leather Case $5 extra. Myers, 317 W. ChurchSt.,Knoxville,Tenn.

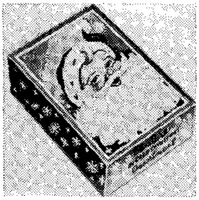


FREE BOOK TELLS HOW TO WRITE

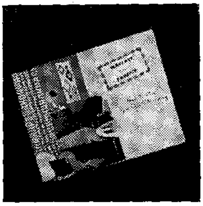
Would you be willing to spend a few hours a week at home learning to make money writing stories, articles? Adam Aretz sold two stories for $255 before completing course. Learn how you, too, may succeed. Send for Free lesson and 40-page book. No obligation. Write Palmer Institute of Authorship. Desk CFS-77, 1080 N. Sycamore, Hollywood 28, Calif.

EXTRA MONEY WITH CHRISTMAS CARDS

Send no money, just your name, for 21-Card Assortment of beautiful Christmas Cards on approval. Show sensational $1 value to friends, neighbors. $75.00 to $500 possible between now and Christmas. We'll include free catalog with 76 other money makers; also free samples popular name-imprinted cards. Wallace Brown, 11 E. 26th St., Dept. S-219, N. Y. 10.



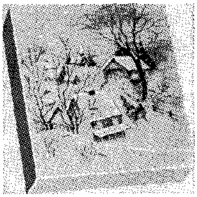
1,001 HOME DECORATING IDEAS: 10¢



Illustrated 16 page booklet by Waverly Fabrics. Ideas on slipcovers, draperies, upholstery, furniture and curtains! Written by leading interior decorator. Shows how to plan decor; includes color-guide, easy instructions for making curtains and draperies. Send name, address, 10¢ to: Waverly Bonded Fabrics, Dept. C-7, 60 West 40th St., N.Y. 18.

MAKE $50-$75-$100 EXTRA MONEY

Start a Greeting Card & Gift Shop at Home. Show New Style assortments in spare time. Profits to $1.00 per box. Bonus. Fund Raising, Party Plans. Write today for Feature boxes on approval, 64 Free Samples of Personal Christmas Cards and Stationery, Free Selling Guide, Amazing Free Offer. New England Art Publishers, North Abington 733, Mass.



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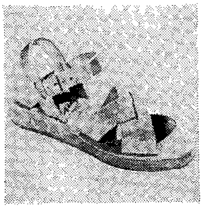

Men and women, for that casual feeling, you'll like the easy, airy comfort of these cork platform sandals, handmade of leather imported from India. The natural color, long-wearing Water Buffalo leather is perfect for year-round wear. Brochure available. Sizes 3-13. $7.65 ppd. Bloom's, Dept. CO-77, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, New York.

WHY OVER-PAY ON VITAMINS?

You now can obtain highest quality and save 40-50% or more. By buying direct you benefit. As example, a Food Supplement is widely sold for $19.50. Nutri-Plus, our comparable product — your price, $5.75. Other vitamins available at similar savings. Free catalog lists brands, formulas & price. Mention product you now use. Vitamin Specialists, Phila. 40, Pa.

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 165

Silver Linings

IT IS A LONELY TIME in the lives of parents when their children grow up and leave home. Not only is the dropping of the load of responsibility involved, but the ties with young thinking that keep us young, as well.

Late one night, shortly after our oldest daughter had married and left our home in Massachusetts to move to California, she telephoned and asked me to sell our home and come to California, saying she needed me.

Thinking, "What do I have to give a young couple that would help them?" I refused, explaining, "Your father and I are too old to make such a drastic change. Besides, your sister has two more years here in school. No, honey, I can't do it."

"Don't you see, Mother?" my other daughter explained after I had hung up. "It's your *smile* Anita needs, not your money, or the work you can do. And I won't mind going to school in San Francisco."

My husband, obviously proud that our oldest daughter loved us all so much, said, "She's really right,

(*Continued on next page*)

MAKE $50-$300 IN SPARE TIME

Show New, Big Profit $1 & $1.25 Christmas, Birthday, Get Well Greeting Card Assortments, Gift Wrappings, Imprinted Christmas Cards, Stationery, Gifts, Costume Jewelry. No Experience needed. Cash Bonus! Write for Assortments on Approval, Free Gift Offer, Free Album Imprinted Christmas Cards, Catalog, Details. Hedenkamp, 361 Broadway, Dept. C-8, New York 13.

$1 FOR 1000 PRINTED NAME

and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591, Lynn 417, Massachusetts.

INSURANCE—TO 80 YEARS—$1.00

Only $1.00 for $500 Old Line term Life Insurance for first 30 days, while you examine low-cost full-coverage $1300 life-health-cancer policy. Issued to age 80, if in good health. No medical examination; no one will call — all sent by mail. Send dollar to Pioneer Security Life, Dept. C2, Chicago 26, Illinois.

NEW ARMSTRONG KNEE REST

Makes gardening a joy. Takes away all discomfort. Chrome arms make it easy to get down and up. No more hurt knees; pad is thick foam rubber. Trough holds tools, seeds, etc. Has indoor uses too. Strong enough to hold any weight person. $6.95 postpaid. $7.95 in west. Write for Circular. Armstrong Products Corp., Dept. C, Huntington 12, W. Va.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY . . .

restore natural appearance, regain zest for life with lifelike Identical Breast Form. Fits any well-fitting bra, bathing suit. Follows body motions, never rides up. Doctors recommend it for scientific balance. Thousands use it with confidence, comfort. Write for free lit., list of dealers: Identical Form, Inc., Dept. B, 17 W. 60th St., New York 23, New York.

MAKE EXTRA MONEY FROM GIFTS

Easy to earn $50 or more in spare time. Show friends "Tiny TV" Salt & Pepper Set, 200 other unusual Gifts and newest Christmas Cards. Keep up to 50¢ on $1 sales; $1.25 profit on $1.95 box! Get free Personal Album, 4 assortments on approval, $1.25 Tiny TV Free on 15-day offer! Midwest Cards, 1113 Washington, Dept. 426-H, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

IF YOU'RE HARD TO FIT . . .

Discover the thrill of a perfect fit in your exact comfort size in these walk-on-air women's moccasins. Light, buoyant foam crepe soles, choice soft leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled. Guaranteed. 24 hour delivery. Sizes 3 to 13, AAAAA to EEE. Smoke, White, Red, Brown. Factory to you—$5.95 plus 50¢post. Moccasin-Craft, 65-JK Mulberry, Lynn, Mass.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

Charles Falkner's improved complete natural vitamin & mineral supplement for adults & children. Made from 100% natural vitalized foods. Contains 30 vitamins & minerals including trace minerals of Lecithin, Alfalfa, Parsley. 50 Capsules $4.50 ppd. 100 Capsules $7.50. Healthful Living Magazine with each order. C. Falkner, Inc., 1445C First Ave., New York 21.

GENEALOGY IN CANADA

There is now a genealogical paper published in Canada. "Pedigree" is a rapidly growing paper and already has 10 to 16 full letter size pages. Contains general Canadian data, such as Cemetery Inscriptions, Family Bible Records, etc. 25¢ brings sample. George T. Heath, Dept. C., Box 456, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

PICNIC ENJOYMENT AT HOME

Fulfill your urge for "Do It Yourself." Buy tubular metal frame for this scientifically designed table—install own plank top and seats. Tips up, stays for easy lawn mowing. No bar to crawl over to sit down. Metal parts & instructions for set up & take down for storage. Shipped ppd. only $16.45. Mail check or $5.00 on C.O.D. Wiltse Bros. Corp., Alpena, Mich.

Silver Linings *continued*

you know. Why don't we try it?"

And so it was a smile that brought us to California. —MRS. IRENE REMILLARD

THE DAY was dreary and foggy, the house was chilly and my thoughts depressing, as I stood trying to decide which can of fruit to open for dessert. The shrill ring of the telephone sounded four times before I reached the living room. I lifted the receiver and mumbled dully, "Hello."

A cheery voice asked, "Dottie?"

"No Dottie here," I answered. "You must have the wrong number."

Before I had a chance to hang up the receiver, the cheery voice said, "I'm so sorry to have disturbed you. Forgive me and have a lovely day."

I walked away from the telephone with a smile, and found myself singing as I continued my household chores. A delicious apple pie graced a happy dinner table that evening. —MRS. M. W. MC CREARY

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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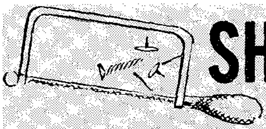
150-pg. pocket-size Guide lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Gives complete "inside" information —cuisine, specialties, entertainment, etc., carefully prepared by editors of Esquire—foremost authority on gracious living. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide", Dept. C7, P. O. Box 402, Radio City, New York 19, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

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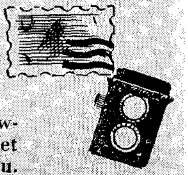

The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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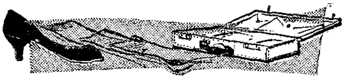
TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $9.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 28-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

EARN $50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. $3.00 per hour possible. Information 3¢. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

$2.00 HOURLY possible doing light assembly work at home. Experience unnecessary. Write Sanco Manufacturing Company, 8507-A West 3rd Street, Los Angeles 48, California.

FUR-REMODELING. Send for Free Fur Style Booklet today. 50% savings. Direct by mail. Your old worn fur coat in glamorous new style cape or jacket for only $22.95. For this special price we clean, glaze, repair fur, resewing weak seams, lusterize to like-new sheen, remodel completely, add new lining, interlining and your monogram. Write, I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th St., Dept. M-14, N. Y. 1, N. Y.



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WIDE Shoes for women. Many smart new summer styles, customized & guar. for comfort in all heel heights, sizes 4 to 12, widths C to EEE. Only $4.95 to $10.95. Write for Free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pa.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

CORONET Books for Young Readers offer two fully illustrated stories that make perfect gifts for children, ages 4-8. "Fluffy" is the fascinating story of the birth and experiences of a young ostrich, 30 pages fully illustrated in vivid color. "Naha" is a heart-warming tale of a Seminole Indian boy—his family and animal friends. Both are based on prize-winning Coronet Films which your child may have seen right in his classroom—he'll want the books for his very own. Solve your children's gift problems with these delightful volumes. To get these two fine books, send $2 to Coronet Books, Box 402-S, Radio City, New York 19, New York.

FOR THE MEN

BE Taller. You can be impressively taller, raise your business and social potential. Staturaid shoes help you win new heights in life. Choose elevation you desire. 35 styles. Send for catalog 17. Joseph Burger, M'f'r, Dept. C-4, 433 E. 148, New York 55, New York.

*FREE Offer! Esquire Club's 150-page Vest-Pocket Guide to Fine Dining, lists 2500 of America's top restaurants. Listings include type of cuisine, specialties, entertainment facilities, etc. All restaurants carefully screened by editors of Esquire. Quantity limited. *Send only 25¢ in coin for postage and handling to Esquire Club "Guide", Dept. C7, P.O. Box 402, Radio City P.O., New York 19, New York.

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FREE roll of guaranteed fresh film, popular size, with your order to develop and print 8 B&W pictures at Special Price of 60¢ (12 exp., 80¢). Fast service, all work guaranteed. Write for Free Catalog to Snapshots Co., P. O. Box 979, Newark, N. J.

SAVE Film $$$! Fresh 8mm, 16mm color or B&W film. Write for Free Catalog. Color Film Bargains: 8/8 mm-25′ Spool—$2.79; 16mm-50′ Spool—$7.99; 16mm-50′ Magazine—$4.69. Free Processing Incl. Superior Bulk Film Co., 440-442 N. Wells, Chicago 10.

FROM Old Kentucky—Beautiful, Sparkling Jumbo Prints—B&W—8 Exposure Roll—40¢, 12 Exposure Roll—60¢, 35mm. 20 Exposure—$1.00. Color Processed at Popular Prices. Write for Mailers. Webb's Studio, Madisonville, Ky.

FREE King Size Prints to prove our black & white photo finishing brings out the snap and quality of your films. Send this ad with roll of film plus 10c for postage and handling to Perfect Film Service, Dept. CO-77, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

(*Continued on next page*)

To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 165.

FOR PHOTO FANS, CONT'D

KODACHROME, Ektachrome, Anscochrome processed & mounted. 35mm 20 ex. $1.25; 12 ex. roll films $1.35. Finest color control. Mailers. Above 3 35mm films, 20 ex. rolls, 3 for $4.25. Great Lakes Photo Service, Box 5468, Cleveland 1, O.

COLOR-PRINTS from Kodachrome, Anscochrome, Super Anscochrome, Ektachrome. 2½x3½-25¢ 3½x5-45¢ 5x7-$1 8x10-$2 11x14-$4.95. Kodacolor prints 32¢. Money-back guarantee. Write for complete price list. Colorfax Laboratories, Inc., Silver Spring K, Md.

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COLOR SLIDES

170,000 COLOR-SLIDES in stock covering the United States and 70 foreign countries. Fill in the scenes you missed on your trip. Send 9¢ for 88 page catalog to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

FAMOUS Wolfe Worldwide Hi-Fi Color Slides on approval. Everything from Paris night life to the Kremlin. Send for free 4-color catalog of thousands of 35 mm slides including title slides and maps. E. E. Wolfe, 1315 Westwood Blvd., L. A. 24, Calif.

PILGRIM, better quality color slides by Henry Cobb Shaw. *Free 100-page catalog; thousands of appealing subjects;* U.S., East Coast, United Nations, National Parks, Indians, West Indies, Europe. Write Pilgrim Productions, 105-8 Washington Street., Boston 8, Mass.

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AN unusual assortment of 100 different historic U. S. Commemoratives for only $1.00. This terrific offer is made only to acquaint you with our superior approvals service of all U. S. and Foreign stamps. Globus, New York 10, N. Y. Dept. 15.

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STAMP Collection Free. More than 100 diff. fascinating stamps—Europe, Africa, So. America, Scandinavia, Balkans, Asia, etc., used and unused stamps. Free to approval service applicants for 3¢ postage. Tatham Stamp Co., Springfield 33, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL Stamp Offer! To acquaint you with our better U.S. approvals, you get 2 different $5.00 U.S. stamps plus 20 others; Hi-Values, Air Mails, Commemoratives, etc. Send 10¢ for Lot No. 20. Irwin, Box 11-45, Brooklyn 30, New York.

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FREE copy of "Prize Ideas" the publication that has launched many successful winners. Packed with prize winning aids, entries that have won, news of current contests. All-American School, Dept. CO, 1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia 2, Pennsylvania.

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(Continued on next page)

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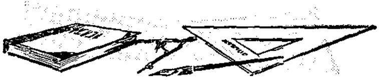

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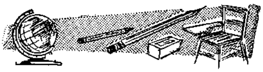

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Small Talk

MY LITTLE GRANDSON's persistent rubbing of his eye prompted his mother to ask, "Bruce, what's the trouble with your eye?" She received this reply: "I don't know, Mommy, but I think I have a gleam in it."

—MRS. BERTHA HELLER

AFTER struggling for quite some time over a rather large book, my ten-year-old cousin looked up and said, "This is sure the hardest football story I've ever tried to read."

"What's the name of it?" his mother asked.

Slowly he replied, "It's called *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.*"

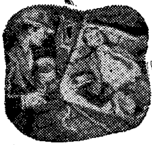
—EVANGELINE CURRIE

PREPARING for a visit from the Archbishop of Canterbury, an orphanage superintendent instructed his charges to address the primate either as "Your Grace" or "My Lord." The dignitary arrived in all his flowing robes and asked one little fellow how old he was. Awed, the youngster replied: "My God, I'm ten."

—BILLY GRAHAM (*Together*)

WHILE PLAYING in the kitchen where my wife was baking, my three-year-old daughter accidentally burned her arm on the oven door. Seeing what had happened, I said, "Smear some butter on it, Momma." My daughter, through the howling and tears added, "Yes, Momma, and put some jam on it too."

—ROBERT G. CARKITT



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